

The Pacific, A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS AND FAMILY PAPER, was first issued in August 1851. Till 1864 it was published in behalf of the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches jointly; after that, it was published in the interest of the General Association of California, by a committee of ministers and laymen, edited by a committee of ministers, until 1879. It is now owned and published by "THE PUBLISHING COMPANY OF THE PACIFIC"—an incorporated company, in the interest of the Congregational churches of the Western Coast. The Directors for 1893 and 1894: Stephen S. Smith, John Henderson, W. M. Seabury, I. P. Rankin, John Kimball, James L. Barker, Walter Frear.

The Pacific

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

WHOLE No. 2157

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., NOVEMBER 22, 1893.

VOL. XLII. No. 47

A Thanksgiving Hymn. FOR A FAMILY GATHERING.

Father of all, we ask of Thee
To bless this home of ours;
Filled with Thy presence may it be
Through all life's changing hours!

The cheerful board we gather round
Each with a grateful heart,
For blessings in our lives abound,
And Thou the Giver art.

Our stray ones came from far away
To be with us once more,
And keep again Thanksgiving Day
As was kept of yore.

The precious mother's sunny face
Illumines all our ways,
And her dear presence tends to grace
The group in such glad days.

Of late appeared a little flower
To blossom in our sight,
Whose petals, opening hour by hour,
Make the whole house so bright.

We all are here, though some dark forms
Invisible may be,
Of those who, weary of life's storms,
Left us to dwell with Thee.

Our past is full of memories sweet,
To-day with joy does flow,
But what's in store for us to meet
We do not ask to know.

The future's left to Thy kind will,
Submissively we bow,
Waiting, serving, trusting still,
We'll love Thee then as now.

SAN FRANCISCO. MARY R. KIMBALL.

MIDWINTER FAIR RELIGIOUS SERVICES. BY K. A. BURNELL.

EDITOR PACIFIC: What the friends of Christ shall do for the great service of winning souls to Him in the Midwinter Exposition, is a question of great import—it is many-sided and far-reaching. The universal testimony of the wisest and most winsome, most patient and self-forgetting of the preachers and workers, under Mr. Moody's direction, was that the Fair visitors were in a position of easy approach. Christians were willing to take hold in second meetings, and the impenitent were glad to be told what "they must do to be saved." It is not strange they came as learners, and I am sure it was true that they welcomed heartily a true anxiety for their highest good. In the more than ten thousand cards of invitation that I was privileged to put most respectfully, and with a true deference, into the hands of the resting ones on the seats in the various buildings, notably earth's largest building (Manufactures and Liberal Arts), 99 per cent. received them with a smile—many with thanks. I have done this kind of work in all lands the past half century, and never have found invitations so kindly received. People were on their good behavior, and the door of approach was wide open. There had been a good deal of careful and prayerful preparation on the part of many. The daily service was clearly, distinctly and positively announced eleven months in advance by a large canvas street sign. The open-air service all the season last year, near the Fifty-ninth street turn-stiles, was close to this great sign, and there was a continual and oft-repeated announcement. All the prayer-meetings and Sunday-schools within three or four miles of the grounds were visited, and besought to enter upon a state of extra (daily, if possible) meetings, and maintain them during the entire six months. The Sunday-school building was in the right place, outside of "the grounds," and directly across the street from your splendid California State Building. It was my privilege often to invite your State exhibitors into the daily and other services of the across-the street Sunday-school building, and the enterprising and hard-working men always expressed thanks for the interest taken in them. Precisely the same state of things will be true in your Midwinter Exposition. It is an open door of never-ending wideness to "sow by the side of all waters."

A daily service is central; it is Pentecostal; it is a Golden Text; it is a preface to afternoon Sunday-school work and evangelism in the evening. The hour in the day for the daily service is most vital—7 to 8 A. M. with us was the time, and could not have been a success at any other hour. Is not the noonday, 12 to 1, your only hour? Knowing your great city and its suburbs, and the admirable location of the Exposition buildings, and having had 122 solid days and nights, with the best opportunity to study Exposition life, my judgment would be noonday hour.

THE HOUR MUST BE ESTABLISHED, and no change made, and the man for leader. The leader must know that daily prayer is a perpetual revival, its importunate supplications, its saying, and now, as the woman did, "Give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw." A

daily service must begin and close on the minute, as we can say was true of ours, and every one of our 122 consecutive days. Your building must be outside, and as near as possible to the main entrance. Whatever the decision as to Sunday-opening (and we pray God that you may be saved from its waste, its wickedness, its continual and uninterrupted defilement, as those of us so well understand who were on duty seventeen hours of every day), the work-shop must be outside. People who want the building inside don't know what they are talking about. To have had our building as "neat as wax" in its entire outside surroundings every day is something to say.

IN YOUR BUILDING

You can have Sunday afternoon and evening sessions, and an hour each night, if Christ's friends in San Francisco, Oakland and that charming suburban region will take hold, lay a plan, and execute with fidelity. I came in contact with four to five scores of your churches. The Exposition has 120 days. Is there a single church within a score of miles that will not gladly take a single night, and send a hundred of their members and conduct an evangelistic service in their own effective way. The great churches of the great city and Oakland will, of course, take good care of the Sunday afternoon and evening evangelistic sessions. Every evening session would be full in numbers and large in blessing. An Exposition daily prayer service is every day, and should never fail. We know how pre-eminently blessed, helpful and lifting the every-day service was with us. This pen voices the intense and most urgent cry of the great army that were inspired by our life-giving daily service, and by the millions that were stirred to their soul's depths by the all-day Sunday and week-night evangelism to "Go thou, and do likewise."

CHICAGO, Nov. 11, 1893.

SPOKES FROM THE HUB.

"The Making of the Sermon" was the subject of a recent instructive address by Prof. English of the Newton Theological Seminary at Pilgrim Hall. An effective sermon is the product of the entire man. The time was when, if the preacher was so thin one could see through him, he was the man of the hour. The sermon should be the efflux of full manhood, the product of the entire man. Physical, intellectual, and spiritual qualities enter into a good sermon—that has adaptation, and is in harmony with psychological laws. There is too much helter-skelter preaching. The aim of the preacher should be the conquest of his hearers, the securing of an object rather than the unfolding of a topic. The business of the minister is to bring Jesus Christ to the people for acceptance, and not to exhibit Christ. His tongue is his stock in trade. Large attention must be given to the organization, to the arrangement of thought, of an effective sermon—made of Biblical material, and not restricted to a fragment of truth.

The writer is among the large number who refused to attend the Sabbath-desecrating World's Fair, that, with the tragic death of Carter Harrison, ended, as it began, ingloriously. The sun of its righteousness was eclipsed by the covenant-breaking and heaven-defying local directory. The Fair, the consummate material fruit of Christian civilization, by their action showed contempt for its high pedigree. Its moral grandeur and Christian influence was blighted. Mayor Harrison boasted that the worst element of Chicago, for whose vote he catered, was behind him; but it thrust him into eternity, where all are judged righteously, and from which there is no appeal.

Dr. Newman Smyth, in the *Congregationalist* of last week, speaks of "further questions that may remain over from the Worcester meeting" of the Board, and adds: "Now the Prudential Committee can take their pick of the best men who may find the way open to offer themselves for the missionary service." Has not all the kicking ado been because the Committee has done this very thing in the past? Is the speaking-tube of the "camel" to advance?

An interesting and hopeful fellowship meeting for ministers was held at Pilgrim Hall Monday morning to consider and emphasize the importance of increased fellowship among the churches and other leaders, and listen to an explanation of the plan adopted by a committee, and already in successful operation.

A given church holds four or five evening meetings a week, and each evening is visited and air-charged by

a visiting pastor and delegates. The next week the host, by pastor and delegates, goes the rounds and becomes guest, and leads the meetings. Much praise was given to the so-far successful plan and the unexpected interest awakened. Marked results were predicted.

California has heard the re-asserting voice of Massachusetts Tuesday of this week. Richardina is her former self again. And Westward, ho! the echoing (ap)peal, responsive takes its way! Would that the metropolis, at the coming municipal election might follow the example of the State, and that bad men in all parties might be put to shame!

Boston, Nov. 9, 1893.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

It is not the province of your correspondent to take sides in the wordy dispute which has been raging here all the week on account of the recommendation of Secretary Gresham, and the supposed action of Mr. Willis, U. S. Minister to Hawaii, under instructions from the President, in restoring the sovereignty of the notoriously dissolute Queen Liliuokalani. But I do feel called upon to resent the imputations which have been cast upon what is contemptuously spoken of as the "missionary element" in Hawaii, because they never hesitated to express their opinions of the outrageous acts of the hangers-on of this queen before she was deposed. It seems to me that the man who charges the "missionary element" in Hawaii with being at the root of all the trouble there has been on the islands must either be very ignorant or very forgetful. What was Hawaii before it was visited by the "missionary element"? Unless grossly misrepresented by those who went there, its inhabitants were among the most savage and barbarous on earth, not excepting the cannibals of the South Sea Islands. Today its inhabitants are at least civilized, if not entirely Christianized. Who brought about this change? The "missionary element." And that is by no means all. The "missionary element" not only looked after the spiritual welfare of the natives of the islands, but taught them the commercial value of their products and how to take the first steps towards making a commercial city of Honolulu. Upon second thoughts, I am willing to concede that the "missionary element" has been at the root of all the trouble in Hawaii; but it was for the purpose of destroying the root, and not in the sense charged by their traducers.

It seems strange, in view of the large numbers of deaths caused directly thereby, that everybody has not long ago become convinced that alcoholic liquor in certain quantities is just as deadly poison to the human system as strychnine or arsenic. Having a doubt about its poisonous qualities cost an ignorant colored man his life, one day this week. He made a wager with a man as ignorant as himself, in the presence of the keeper of one of those dives which thrive by the sale of liquor to the poorest and most ignorant of our population, that he could without removing the bottle from his mouth drink a quart of whisky; and the keeper of that dive sold the poor colored man the quart of whisky, knowing what he proposed to make of it. He drank it and in five minutes was unconscious, remaining in that state till he died. The coroner, when notified of the manner in which the man came to his death, decided that an inquest was unnecessary. With all due respect to the coroner, I venture to entertain the opinion that an inquest should have been held upon this case, and, further, that its finding should have been that the deceased died from the effect of poison administered by the man who sold him the liquor. It was little short of downright murder for that dive-keeper to have sold the man the quart of whisky, after hearing him say that he intended drinking it all at once; and if there be no law under which he can be punished, it is high time that steps should be taken towards getting one.

How much mistaken those were who argued that high license would restrict the retail liquor traffic in Washington is shown by the number of applications for retail licenses at \$400 each which have up to the present time been made, as compared with the number of retail licenses granted at \$100 each last year. Last year there were 638 retail licenses granted; and there have been 609 applications for retail licenses already made for this license year. The increase of the wholesale liquor license from \$25 to \$250 a year has apparently

acted better. Last year there were 462 wholesale licenses granted, while this year only 181 applications have been made for wholesale licenses. A considerable percentage of this decrease, however, is owing to the drug stores not being required under the new law to procure liquor licenses, not being allowed to sell liquor except as a medicine and upon a physician's prescription; last year they had wholesale licenses; at least, many of them did. The Anti-Saloon League has procured evidence which its members believe will result in the rejection of many of the applications that have been made for retail licenses.

The Young Men's Christian Association's week of prayer is being made a very interesting one here. Two meetings a day are being held—one at midday, to which ladies are admitted, and one in the evening for men only. The attendance at these meetings has been unusually large, and a number of conversions have taken place, and many more are expected before the close of the week.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 15, 1893.

THE PRESS.

[Extracts from Rev. Dr. C. O. Brown's sermon last Sunday week in the First church in this city.]

We lift our voices in behalf of a very large part of the community, whose sentiment is certainly not consulted in nor satisfied with the multiplied and disgusting details of immoral and criminal conduct. There is a proper exposure of wrong which is commendable in the newspaper, and salutary in its power to restrain those who are tempted to like evil. But the minute unfolding of every detail; the lingering gaze at the naked forms of evil which come to light in the police and criminal courts—this can serve no other purpose than to further vitiate the community by exciting depraved passions and gratifying prurient appetites. A flood of the evils which give opportunity for this kind of "reporting" has recently been upon us. And the fact that the reporters have made the most of each case has been the occasion of a movement whose necessity has been long apparent. If a poor girl, overcome by temptation, falls by the way, let the failure be chronicled, if it must, in as few words as possible. The horrors of such bare mention are sufficient to deter those who may still be influenced by such motives. But let not the sanctities of all womanhood be outraged by that style of reporting which holds her up day after day to the disgust of all right-minded people and to the gratifying of the depraved. Our newspapers claim to be the exponents of public sentiment. We believe that they are often mistaken in their judgment as to what public opinion really is. We believe that nowhere are they apt to be more mistaken than in supposing that the public desire any such proportion of scandalous and sensational matter.

A recent examination of eight Eastern papers on a given morning disclosed 43 columns devoted to crime, 361 to gossip and scandal, 517 to other news. These were Sunday papers, and so 3 1/4 columns of religious news were thrown in to salt the mess. We are entirely honest in the conviction that the 43 columns devoted to crime, and the 361 to gossip and scandal, as over against 3 1/4 columns of religious news, is not a just estimate of the public sentiment of any city in America. If it is, may the Lord have mercy on that city, and may the editors help by doing something to tone up that sentiment.

There are very many more, we believe, than the newspapers think who do not regard a lot of gossip about prize-fighters as news simply because it is telegraphed from the East. But what of the homes where the lower sentiment prevails, where no voice is lifted in petition for less of that which has a tendency to vitiate the appetite of the children who are in them? In such homes, presumably, there are less of the influences which tend to build up noble character. Have the papers no responsibility to protect the children of such homes, even where the only sentiment that can express itself is in favor of the things which would injure them?

There is another and closely allied evil, which those who have the interests of the community at heart ought to consider. The tendency of this kind of newspaper sensationalism is to carelessness of the truth in dealing with feelings and reputations of those who have presented the opportunity which the reporter seeks.

Gentlemen of the press, we earnestly plead for the entrance of a higher principle. The lamentable feature is that the newspaper man's "spice" is

the other man's pain. Every issue must have its due modicum of reputations on the gibbet, or the reportorial condiments are not in it. It is fun for boys, but death on the frogs. I ask you to call a halt when you get your next meat on the spit, before proceeding with the "roast." Halt just long enough to read the golden rule. You plead "the keen competition and the unceasing haste." I plead in behalf of reputation, which is above price, that you shall take time to be sure of the truth. Your page of market quotations is as eagerly sought by the banker, the merchant, or the shipping master, as the last scandal by the retailers of gossip. But here you take time to be accurate to the last fraction of a cent. There is money in it. You will be held to account by those you deceive, if your reports are incorrect. But reputation is worth more than gold. Once blighted, all the newspapers have no power to undo the wrong. Not many years ago a slanderous report began to circulate concerning a young lady of an Eastern village. It could not be proven, but neither could she disprove it at once. The pain was too excruciating. She could not wait the slow passing of time which would vindicate her good name. Her mind gave way, and one morning they found her dead body afloat in the river. Then the means were at hand for correcting the slanderous report, but she was not there to enjoy her vindication.

It would be well for our modern press, in this particular, to adopt one of the rules announced in the prospectus of Boston's first paper: "Wherefore nothing shall be entered but what we believe is true, repairing to the best fountains for our information. And when there appears any material mistake in anything that is collected, it shall be corrected in the next. Moreover, the publisher of these occurrences is willing to engage that, whereas there are many false reports, maliciously made and spread among us, if any well-minded person will be at the pains to trace such false reports so far as to find out and convict the first raiser of it, he will, in his paper, expose the name of such person, as a malicious raiser of a false report. It is supposed that none will dislike this proposal but such as intend to be guilty of so villainous a crime." Good for the Puritan! Let us "revert to the original type" in the manner of treating both the lie and the liar. Let our news collectors note what is said about repairing to the best fountains.

Our claim is, and we believe it justified by the present revolt of cleanly-minded people, that the sensational newspapers have misread the best sentiment of the city. But if there were an overwhelming demand for that which is wrong, the demand could not justify the doing of wrong.

There is surely coming a day when the press of this land is to be Christian in its counting-room and Christian in its editorial sanctum. Then the proffer of an advertisement of that which would be morally debasing, if in the publisher's home, will be spurned with scorn; then the opinion of the editor will not be affected by the price it may bring in cold cash; then these higher standards will prevail. God speed the day! Gentlemen of the press, the world is wired and cabled for you, and for you the lighting trains are running. Use your opportunity in a way worthy of your manifest calling. Then shall it be said, "Report, and we will report it." Report what? Report that evil is rebuked, and virtue encouraged, and that society is rapidly forging on to the millennium.

STATE SUNDAY-SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

The annual convention of the State Sunday-school Association will be held at Stockton, April 10, 1894, and will continue for three days. Arrangements have been made with William Reynolds, Esq., Field Superintendent for the International Sunday-school Association to attend the convention, and take a prominent part in the proceedings. Mr. Reynolds will be on the Coast three or four months holding institutes, county conventions, etc., in California, Oregon, Washington and British Columbia.

The Western says: "Rev. Edward Thomson, LL.D., the able and efficient Secretary of the Sunday League of America, began his campaign in Ohio for the better observance of the Sabbath, at Defiance, October 15th. The Doctor represents in his work a committee composed of Senator John Sherman of Ohio, Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston, Bishop John P. Newman of Omaha, Dr. E. E. Hoss of Nashville, and Gen. John Bidwell of California."

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscription in advance, \$2.50 (which includes postage). Please examine the label on your paper, which tells the day of the month of the year to which you have paid; and if it appears, do not wait to be notified, but remit promptly by money order, registered letter, draft or express to THE PACIFIC, No. 7 Montgomery avenue, San Francisco, P. O. Box 2348. If the paper comes irregularly, or badly printed or folded, send postal card to THE PACIFIC at once. Address all letters to THE PACIFIC.

FROM OREGON.

Two weeks ago Superintendent Cephas F. Clapp, assisted by Rev. D. V. Poling of the Independence church as leader of the singing, began a series of gospel meetings at the Astoria church, Rev. Daniel Staver pastor. At last accounts the meetings were progressing favorably, with prospects of much good being accomplished.

Again death has entered our church circle and taken away two of our members. The first, Mrs. Carl Epperly, died early in October, and Mr. Homer Traver died suddenly last evening. He was at the services in the church last Sunday.

Our Episcopal friends, especially in Oregon, set us a good example in the matter of making provision for their aged and disabled clergy. The fund for this purpose was started in October, 1886, by Bishop Scott at an ordination service, with the collection amounting to \$8. The fund was added to at ordinations and in other ways, so that when Bishop Morris came, some twenty-five years ago, it amounted to nearly \$300. He added collections from time to time, and kept the money always well invested, so that it amounts to more than \$10,000.

Another of the pioneer ministers of this State passed to the better land the past week, Rev. James L. Daly, a pioneer of 1851. While Mr. Daly was not a Congregationalist himself (he was an Episcopalian), the fact that at least two of his children, Rev. James A. Daly, formerly of Stockton, now of Rochester, N. Y., and Mr. Charles Daly of your city are Congregationalists makes this notice appropriate; and his daughter Belle, afterwards the wife of Rev. John W. Sellwood, for many years rector of St. Paul's church, Oregon City, sang in the choir of the Congregational church there, and for many years was prominently identified with our work there. Mr. Daly was born in Dublin, Ireland, December 15, 1812, was educated at the Dublin University, and graduated at the training school for teachers. Removing to Australia, he was for many years, with his wife as assistant, Superintendent of the Cathedral and government schools in Sydney. Coming to Oregon in 1851, in 1856 he was ordained to the diaconate of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and at once began the work of a minister, ever showing himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. Of the ten children born to him but four survive—Rev. James A. Daly, Rochester, N. Y.; Chas. H. Daly, San Francisco; Albert D. Daly, Marshfield, Or.; and Mrs. Belle J. Sellwood of this city, who was with her father in his last illness, which was long and trying. Mrs. Daly died several years ago.

An event occurred in this city last evening that must cause every decent person to rejoice. It was none other than the arrest of proprietors, editors, and everybody connected with the publication and sale of the *Sunday Mercury*, and the entire suppression of its weekly issue. For years this wretched sheet has been a scandal and disgrace to this community, through its vileness and pandering to all that is debasing. Some time ago it made a vile and scandalous attack on Mr. C. E. S. Wood, a graduate of West Point, and at one time on Gen. Howard's staff as an aide-de-camp, and by him was and still is held in the highest regard. Some years ago he resigned the army, and began the practice of law in this city. Among those who know him, he is recognized as being a man of unusual ability, of great integrity of character, and possessing courage, both physical and moral, to a marked degree. When he was attacked by the vile sheet in question, he promptly brought suit for libel, and won his case by large odds, and so brought out the character and methods of the managers of the journal, that the prosecuting attorney saw the way clear to do his duty; and at his instance, the work of breaking up one of the most prolific sources of mischief in this city is well in hand. It is too early to predict what the outcome will be, but there is scarcely a doubt but that as a community, we are well rid of a most pestilential and noisome thing.

Mrs. Trow, wife of Pastor Trow of the Albany church, and Mrs. Knight, wife of Rev. P. S. Knight of the Salem church, were recently of material assistance in the organization of a Kindergarten Association in Albany. Mrs. Trow read an interesting paper pertinent to the occasion, and Mrs. Knight gave a practical talk.

PORTLAND, Nov. 19, 1893.

Home Missions.

PACIFIC GROVE, P. O. BOX 202.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES.

[Read by Mrs. C. E. Lambert at the annual meeting of the W. H. M. U. at Portland.]

Exactly how to make missionary experience in Oregon of interest or value to the members and friends of this Society is not quite clear. Especially, when to many, doubtless, the question occurs—"Is there to-day, in Oregon, what may truly be called a missionary field, out of which may grow genuine missionary experiences. Many present have recently read the wonderful missionary experiences of Dr. Paton, the reclamation of the New Hebrides from savagery, and the giving to many of the islands a new commercial and social status, through the power of the gospel. In comparison with such heroic achievements in foreign lands, to which may often be applied the adage, "Distance lends enchantment to the view," one is apt to regard the home field as necessarily devoid of those conditions and situations that call forth in the foreign missionary that infinity of resource, that multiplicity of adaptation, that acquaintance with the naked issues of life, that devotion and self-surrender which makes his career the most perfect example of apostolic endeavor and success. But the still recent awakening of the Christian conscience throughout Christendom to the awful evils that follow civilization, if not directly fostered by it, shows that there is no land so favored to-day but has its "open sores," its "bitter cries," its "darkest Africa."

Hence, he who would emulate the missionary career needs not to-day compass land and sea to find a suitable sphere; for, to lose his life, to lay it down at the Master's feet, means in the end the same thing in America or England as in Africa or the Islands of the Sea. True, we have no hair-breadth escapes from the blow of the tomahawk to relate; but one may yet, even in Oregon, in this day and year, in following Christ in this missionary field, pass through difficulties as great and threatening as the remoter missionary may know.

In looking this subject over, we find that Christ, in his life on earth, has given to the home missionary's wife, or to the assistant missionary—as I shall call her in this paper—a text for her life. For, if St. Paul's word be true that we are living epistles, should we not each one have a text on which we can write in deeds the wonderful sermon of our lives? Show me, says one, to convince me of the truth of your creed, not the sermon you write, but the one you live.

The text for the assistant missionary is found in the 13th chapter of John, in almost the last act of our Lord's life: "Jesus, rising from supper, laid aside his garments, and took a towel and girded himself. After that, he poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded." Then, explaining and emphasizing the act, he said, "If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet, for I have given you an example."

The life of our prototype in God's Word we find beautifully told in the simple story of a certain disciple who dwelt at Joppa. Her life was full of good deeds, of loving ministrations. When she died, the widows brought into the upper room where she lay, the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them. This woman, obscure save for this record, was counted of so great value to the struggling church that the power of a living God was brought down into that upper room, a great miracle was wrought, and she was given back alive to the saints, widows and little ones whom she served.

One of these workers, in the bounds of this Association, was set apart when a little child by her parents, for missionary work. During the early years of her life she and they supposed her field of labor would lie across the sea. And many a time when she had sung "From Greenland's icy mountains," she had imagined herself, wrapped in her fur suit, laying siege to half-frozen heathen. Or, as the strain went on "From India's coral strand," with electric transition from cold to hot, she has continued her work, in her own mind, with but a change of raiment and of heathen. But, "By many a path he leads his own, through rough and rugged, the straighter to his throne." Led by the Unseen Hand, prepared in ways neither you nor she can understand, we find her, "after many years," in the near-at-hand, though somewhat hidden field of missionary labor in Oregon.

Before going to her field of service, the assistant missionary must take a long-look, with an understanding mind and a devoted heart, of the vision of the sheet let down before Peter. To her, truly, in the depths of her consciousness, there must be nothing "common or unclean." Her training, her education, her past life, in whatever degree it rebels against

her work in any particular, must be laid aside, and she must, as the occasion demands, wash her disciples' feet.

The field out of which have grown these missionary experiences lies in the Coast Range mountains, from five to fifteen miles from the ocean. The homes and apologies for such are on the tide-water sloughs, and are scattered remotely in the hills and mountains. The men are fishermen, loggers, gardeners in a feeble and disheartened way, and stevedore hands. The first Christian effort over quite a large territory had been made by two girls who had gone there with their parents while quite young. One had been converted to God at eleven years of age, alone in the woods, having never had special religious training. Through her prayers, the sister later was led to know the Lord, and to give herself to his service. As these two had grown up, they had held, in connection with one other family, prayer-meetings and Sunday-schools at different times and places.

Among such people as are found in these settlements, a certain fear of both religion and education exists. They are not like the town-dweller, who can easily change his habitat, and as easily shake off old customs and acquire new ones. Many of the families had been there for years, and all impress of another life, a life of social forms and observances, had long since passed away. Sunday was no better, no worse, than any other day. Sabbath service, they had none to attend, and they looked upon a preacher as a disturber of their complacent indifference. Into such places as these, where the conditions of life are so simple, so poor, the assistant missionary must go. The people are usually at first afraid of the missionary, doubtless thinking that his life, his education, his very spirituality, has unfitted him for understanding their lives.

But the assistant missionary may safely start on her tours among the people. Into these she must go believing with all her heart that she has a precious message, that, if admitted and accepted, will bring "life and light" into these blank lives and dreary homes. She must talk of tides, and salmon, and the weather, with the father; must go and look at the garden, must hold the baby, for there always is one; must tell the children stories and give them the picture cards she carries with her. When dinner is ready, she may have to call down upon that food and that home its first blessing. On going away, she may ask the mother to send the children to Sunday-school.

From such a home, following such a visit, came one season, from spring to autumn, a little band of children to our Sunday-school. These children, Sunday after Sunday, spent two hours each way to and from Sunday-school. During this last summer but one child could attend from this home from lack of three pairs of jeans pants, three gingham shirts and three little hats. Had this been the only case, the missionary might have supplied the want out of her own limited stock; but from other homes came the same plea, and it could not be met.

Some years ago a friend in Oakland, Cal., who had been, and is to-day, a prominent member and worker in one of the largest churches in that city, told me that in the years of her Christian life and service she had never consciously made one sacrifice. Does it not seem that, if even the low-tide mark of consecration were met by the Christian under the influence of this association, such cases as this need not come unhelped before our missionaries?

But it is in times of illness that the assistant missionary stands out in her best light, and is able to give her best helpfulness. Over the coast hills many times have I gone, through darkness, rain and wind, to stand by the sick, carrying medicine, and doing all in my power to lessen pain. I made several trips one winter that I shall not soon forget. The high tide breaking up the over-flowing streams, and the pouring rain, combined to set the whole roadway afloat. I went on horseback, uncertain of every step, with the water at times up to the body of my horse, through the rain and wind, to give to my suffering friends the only help that was accessible to them. Once this same horse, bearing me on a trip, with my little boy on behind me, turned around on a high grade to view the scenery, or to suggest road improvements, when, quicker than I can tell it, down twenty feet, over a fence, into a ditch went the whole party, horse and all. How we all escaped no one can understand, save he who believes in the protection and care of the living Christ. Some of the men who went next day to make good the damages declared it to be a first-class railroad accident without any railroad.

Last Christmas, like all good Christians who had observed the day, I was exceedingly weary. Resting toward evening, I suggested to my small two-year-old partner that we finish the celebration by going to bed. Just then a knock was heard, and one came in, saying that a woman down the slough was very sick, and had sent her boy after me. Would I go? I had a crippled foot, at that time had but one shoe on for three weeks. I was tired. It was storming—as they say on the

Coast—"great guns." One part of me said I could not go. I appealed to the missionary, hoping in my reluctant soul that he would exercise his rather rusty authority, and prohibit the trip. But, after a thought, he said, "You are the only one to decide." A sudden flash of thought bore down upon the argument. In the training school of the Lord, back a few years, this same at that moment hesitating assistant missionary had known what it was to have a lack of woman's nursing, and to sigh for the comfort of woman's sympathetic tears. That settled it. No woman, no matter what the circumstance, should appeal in vain for help. So, wrapping up, we started.

The night was dark as ink; the storm something fearful, with a high wind and a contrary tide, the surf breaking on the distant shore with tremendous force and noise. The boy threw off his hat and coat and rowed as if realizing that every stroke told for that waiting mother. We reached the landing a quarter of a mile from the house, and then walked or stumbled, or fell over the tide-land hillocks, and through the mud to the house. A low black house was before me. I opened the door. In one corner of the room, on a quilt on the floor, through which came up in gusts the cold, winter wind, lay my poor distressed sister. By her knelt her husband and daughter. No earthly comfort or care had that poor soul save that I was able to carry. With a lifting of my heart to that unseen but living One who had never failed me, I threw aside my wraps and gave such assistance, courage and comfort as I could. How I thanked the Lord through the long hours of that night that He had helped me to decide in the one only right way!

This mother was born in St. Petersburg, the father in Canada. They cannot read. I looked around in the interim of rest for something to read. I found nothing but an old almanac, and an arithmetic. As I did not care for a post-graduate course in mathematics, I studied tides in the almanac. I was amused, as we sat there, the father and I, to see him draw towards him on the table a little box, and take out a piece of crocheting. He said that during the long winter evenings he got so tired sitting around doing nothing that he had asked his wife to teach him to crochet. Toward morning, leaving a quiet mother and a sleeping Christmas baby, I started home. It was as dark as on the previous evening, the wind still high, and the tide against us.

We could not keep in the channel, and, as the country was one great sea, we drifted back and forth, making very little progress. My boy friend would get out, push the boat out from the tide, land into deep water, jump aboard, seize the oars, and try to make headway. After a long time of anxiety and struggle, I reached my home, wet, thoroughly chilled, but feeling that it was a grand thing to be able to go down under such poverty and suffering, to lend a hand, and give a lift.

For ten days I took that trip daily to see that that little one had a fair start in life, and that mother, for once, a little rest and care. Into that dreary place I took the beautiful picture from the wall-roll of the birth of Christ, giving it to the little boy, whom they asked me to name.

The picture from these homes most vivid, that appeals to me day and night for help, is that of the overburdened, discouraged mother. Her home is so utterly uninteresting, her life is so very hard. It is one unceasing round of cooking, washing dishes, patching, caring for little children, with but the poorest tools and scant supplies. One woman has not left her two-roomed home and seven children for four years. Another lived nine years of toil, care, weariness, desolation, until, at last rendered desperate, she one day got into a boat, and went away never to return.

To such women the assistant missionary can, if she will, carry cheer and help. If she has the help and co-operation of her Society back of her, she can send papers and books which, if she did not, they would never have. And many a time the literature, the little dress or cap will open a hitherto-closed door, and make it possible to speak of the higher needs. She can gradually draw the interest of the mother from the shut-in circle of her own life into the larger one of the ever-widening sphere of woman in the world to-day.

There was never a truer statement made concerning missionary work than that one who would win the people to Christ must go down into and under the lowest level of the lives they daily live. This fact, applied in the China Inland Mission, sends its missionaries walking barefoot across the country begging rice from door to door. Herein lies one power of the Salvation Army. In its ranks are many who, like the American commander's wife, has left the high place of her birth, to go down into the slums to save the despairing and lost.

Turning from what may be called the dark side of this picture, I want to speak of the bright things that come into the life of the assistant missionary, strengthening her, cheering her sometimes over-burdened

heart, and lifting her sinking spirit. Among these is the ready, abundant help of the Home Missionary and the Sunday-school and Publishing Societies, the breezy visits of the Superintendent, the supplies of all kinds they so freely send—these are a pleasure and comfort pure and simple. Then the missionary box, about whose value one might write a book, the friendship and help from the dear Eastern Sunday-school, who send way across the continent books for the children, papers for the reading-room, and words of cheer and encouragement.

It is being seen to-day that the human side of Christ has more than the theologic and dogmatic value that was formerly exclusively attributed to it. As this conception of Jesus emerges in the thought and life of to-day, it is clothing itself in utterances that may almost be styled a new gospel. The so-called forward movement in philanthropic and humanitarian work that accompanies this new gospel of the Son of man promises to stamp its name and character on the age.

In this great work woman is playing no inconsiderable part. Never before since the world began was woman's work so free, so large, so opportune, so holy.

But it has long since been found that to enter successfully upon these new fields of Christian work, woman needs more and other qualifications than a lofty enthusiasm. She needs skill and experience acquired by special training. If Dorcas would cut coats and other garments to-day, she would take a course in dressmaking. If she would still further enlarge her usefulness she would take a course in domestic economy, become a trained nurse or a medical missionary.

St. Paul's tent-making used to be regarded as a romantic and peculiar incident of a by-gone age of the Church. We were taught to regard the training of our Lord as a carpenter as a supreme illustration of his earthly humiliation, showing up in almost sacrilegious contrast to his divinity. As a fact, it had no bearing on practical Christianity.

How great is the change from this old point of view is shown in the fact that one of the largest missions of the Methodist Church finds its *raison d'être*, its method and its motive in St. Paul's mode of meeting his missionary expenses. Indeed, the largest and most successful missions in Africa, those of the church of England, as illustrated by Mackey in Uganda, and the Scotch Mission on Lake Nyassa, are based upon the same idea; viz., that trained skill in any direction, mechanic, medical, agricultural, is the simplest and surest road to that common, human fellowship which must underlie all efforts to lead man to God.

Right here let me put on record a plea to be considered by this Educational Committee for a training in connection with some of the schools in the new Alliance, for consecrated women, that shall better fit them for noble ministry in the destitute places of our coast. Such fields, lying all around us, cry out with the bitter cry of suffering, neglected motherhood, for women of devotion, of courage, of skill. Since the above idea first struck the writer, it has slowly but surely revolutionized her conception of the Christian life and service.

Then, the Sunday-school, the prayer-meeting, the church social, defined to her the sphere of her Christian activity and of the presence of God. Outside of the narrow sphere which was known as the Church lay the secular world, with its ambitions, its aims, its sorrows and its stripes, apart from Christ and unvisited by grace. But, since this new view of Christ, the Son of man, has enlarged her vision, she has been able to see him in the unexpected experience of her recent years. He who sat by the well and talked with the outcast woman; who visited the humble home of Mary and her sister; who went in the fishermen's boats and increased the draught; who visited the sick and restored the dying—will be with, to inspire and baptize, those who love him and who seek to follow in his footsteps.

"The healing of His seamless robe
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press—
And we are whole again."

YACUINA CITY, Or., Oct. 25, 1893.

Nineteen years ago two graduates of Mt. Holyoke Seminary (now college) founded the Huguenot Seminary in Wellington, Cape Colony, after receiving most urgent appeals to establish such an institution which would give the daughters of south Africa some of the educational and religious advantages of their more favored American sisters. The faculty now numbers twenty, and more than a thousand young women, descendants of the Dutch, French and English settlers, have gone out from the school. The standard of education has been gradually raised until the pupils compete successfully at the government and university examinations at Cape Town. The school is self-supporting and supports some missionaries at the front whom it has trained.

The Romans built the first dikes in Holland.

Woman's Board
Of the Pacific.

The Missionary Hymn.

BY MRS. SARAH EDWARDS HENSHAW.

"Now let us sing," the preacher said,
And as the book he lifted,
Across his patient, careworn face,
A bright expression drifted.
Stood listening, the forest trees,
Around that cabin lonely;
Halted the wolf, and snuffed the breeze,
On which came faintly, slowly,

(Verse 2: "From Greenland's icy mountains," etc.)

"Now let us sing," and at the word,
From pulpit uttered,
Like rustling leaves before a shower
The white-winged pages fluttered.
Then burst the hymn; the long grass waved;
The groves stirred in its covert;
Stood still the deer, with head erect,
Up sprang the startled plover.

(Verse 3: "What though the spicy breezes," etc.)

"Now let us sing." The city throng,
Crowding around the preacher,
The tale of heathen weal and woe
Had heard from earnest teacher.
Then breath of organ, chant of choir,
In grand reverberation,
Shook transept, nave and vaulted roof
With fervent deprecation.

(Verse 4: "Shall we whose souls are lighted," etc.)

Where'er is heard our English tongue,
From continent to ocean,
That wondrous hymn, those burning lines,
Are sung with deep emotion.
From distant isles, from China seas,
Resolve and courage bringing,
From Saxon, Indian, African,
To-day the words are ringing.

(Verse 5: "Waft, waft, ye winds, his story," etc.)

O lyric grand, thy noble words,
All noble deeds suggesting,
Have ever stirred the Christian heart
To work and toil unceasing.
And, till the church's fight is fought,
Their utterances glorious,
A battle cry, a trumpet call,
Shall lead the host victorious.

TREASURY NOTE.

Our appropriations for the current year as assigned us by the Secretaries at Boston, and accepted by our Executive Committee, amount to \$5,996, or, in round numbers, \$6,000. At least \$100 must be added to this amount for cost of leaflets, column in Pacific, stationery, postage, etc.; making in all to be raised, \$6,200.

The total of receipts for regular work during the past year, exclusive of Richards fund, were \$5,726.91. Of this amount \$1,000 came from one individual. It will be seen, therefore, that thus early in the year it is very important for every auxiliary of the Board and its branches to hold fast to the work assigned us and to which we are pledged, and to consider carefully, prayerfully, how each auxiliary and each individual member may contribute generously and conscientiously to make the work of the year a success.

The American Board entered upon the current year beginning September 1st with a debt of \$88,000. Happily, our Board was able to close its twentieth year with all its appropriations paid, but with the times so hard, we need to appeal most earnestly to all our auxiliaries to sustain the work to which we are pledged; for if we fail to meet the obligations we are under, there cannot fail to come to our missionaries and their regular work distress and disaster.

We cannot, in these times at least, depend upon the American Board to make up our deficiencies. The American Board looks to us to fulfill our obligations. We plead, therefore, for prompt, generous contributions to our regular work.

We urge, also, that no contributions be diverted from this regular work to special objects which may be presented by missionaries or others, without the approval of our Board.

Appropriations for year ending August 31, 1894:

Zulu Mission.—Salary Mrs. J. C. Dorward (taking the place of Mrs. Holbrook, temporarily).....	\$450 00
Western Turkey Mission.—Salary Mrs. T. J. Baldwin, \$396; Broosa Girls' School, \$748.....	1144 00
Japan Mission.—Salaries: Miss Gun-nison, \$667.50; Miss Denton, \$667.50; Miss Harwood, \$667.....	2002 00
India-Madura Mission.—School work of Mrs. J. C. Perkins, \$25; Miss L. G. Barker, traveling and other expenses, \$450.....	700 00
North China Mission.—Work of Mrs. A. H. Smith.....	250 00
Spain.—San Sebastian School in care of Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick.....	500 00
Micronesia.—Running expenses of "Morning Star," \$500; salary Miss Wilson, \$300; schooner Robert Logan, \$150.....	950 00
Total of appropriations.....	\$5996 00

THE ANNUAL REPORTS.

An illustrated pamphlet of fifty pages has been sent to all of our Auxiliaries and Branches, in which will be found an account of our twentieth anniversary at Santa Cruz, with annual reports of officers. Brief biographical sketches are given of all our missionaries, past and present, with half-tone pictures of them, and of the Broussa School, California Home, Matsuyama, the Perkins bungalow, India, and the *Morning Star*. It is a pamphlet of much historical value, and its perusal cannot fail to deepen interest in our work. Extra copies are in the hands of our new Treasurer, Miss Bessie M. Merriam.

A Japanese describes a book printed in the style familiar to American and European eyes, as one "in which the writing ran from side to side, like the crawling of crabs."

MRS. McCULLY'S LETTER.

Following are portions of a letter lately written by the widow of Judge McCully:

"It is the stock falsehood of all the enemies of the Provisional Government to say that the missionaries and Minister Stevens were responsible for the uprising. Mr. Stevens was not more responsible for the revolution and the overthrow of the Queen than the editor of the *Commercial* himself; neither were the missionaries.

"The Queen herself, and she alone, is responsible for the revolution. It was her settled and obstinate determination to get the entire power of the Government, in all its branches, into her hands, which ruined her. She even aspired to control the Supreme Court. She was very jealous of the 'prerogatives of the Crown,' whatever those privileges may be in case of an elected monarch like her brother, Kalakaua, and she meant to restore those she felt the King had too weakly yielded in 1887."

"In order to carry her ends she did not hesitate at bribery. The Queen comes of a family of chiefs, not the highest, who were always poor. Upon the extinction of the Kamehamehas, Kalakaua was elected to the throne, and appointed his brother and sisters his heirs. The elevation spoiled the whole family. They were not strong enough morally to use the newly-acquired power with moderation and patriotic self-interest.

"As soon as Kalakaua felt himself securely seated on the throne, he began to abuse his power and usurp authority. The revolution of 1887 checked him for a time only. He had forgotten his promises made at that time, and the constitutional obligations imposed upon him, and was reaching after unlawful power again when he died.

"His sister came to the throne only to outdo her brother in the stubborn determination to become an autocrat. From the beginning of her reign, she meant to have a new constitution, and one which would practically make her supreme ruler and despot. All moves for a constitutional government fell through. The entire white population was against a new constitution, or nearly a whole of it. The ordinary Kanaka doesn't know what a constitution is, nor has he an interest in such things.

"When other and lawful means for securing a new constitution failed, the Queen attempted a *coup d'état*. There was a great pretense of a native political organization carrying the draft of a constitution to the Queen and asking her to promulgate it. It was all a pretense. The Queen had originated the idea, and had the constitution written herself. It is a significant fact that that constitution, upon the failure to promulgate it, was destroyed. Its friends never dared show it.

"The attempt was made at the palace immediately upon the prorogation of the legislature. The legislature had lasted eight months, and during all the time the Queen was interfering with the business of that body, and obstructing it as she could. The foreigners had come to see there was no possibility of stable government under Hawaiian rule.

"The lottery bill had passed, and the Queen had signed it, against the petition and remonstrance of all the influential men and women of the islands. The opium bill had also passed, and she had signed that.

"When, then, the Queen attempted to force a new constitution upon the people, the long forbearance and patience they had shown toward her gave out, and they dethroned her. The foreigners are the leaders in the Islands in everything. Not a single instance can be shown of a Hawaiian at the head of any business—as a store, or a plantation, or a lumber yard—except that one half-white owns a large district of land, which is eaten up by mortgages. So, naturally, the whites led in the revolution; but not more than one missionary was present at the meeting, nor had they anything to do in bringing about the Queen's overthrow.

"But I must tell you, the word 'missionary' does not mean, in the politics of the Hawaiian Islands, what you understand it to mean—a teacher of religion—but rather a man who lives a moral life, honestly pays his debts, and especially one who goes to church. In the use of the word, and this only, were the 'missionaries' the ones who dethroned the Queen.

"As for Minister Stevens, the Americans were proud of their Minister. They had confidence in him. On his departure they raised \$1,000 for a silver service for him, as a testimonial of their appreciation of his worth. He did not interfere in Hawaiian politics.

"The troops landed from the *Boston* were landed solely for the protection of American interests—the lives and property of American citizens—and if Americans in the United States complain of the proceedings, American wives and mothers, and helpless women in Honolulu cannot do so. They felt a sense of protection at knowing American soldiers were so near to them in that time of trouble.

"The masses do not want the Queen restored. From my own personal knowledge, the native masses are entirely indifferent about the matter. A

popular vote would be no true expression of native sentiment, for the ordinary Kanaka reflects the opinion of the man who had his ear last, or who gives him the biggest bribe. Ordinarily he does not take the trouble to have an opinion upon any subject.

"I took pains to ask common Hawaiians after the revolution what they thought about annexation. The reply was always, 'Just as you like.' 'If you want it, it's all right'; or, 'That is for you to settle' (meaning foreigners and leading Hawaiians). 'I have no claim on it.'"

"The Queen forfeited by her own act all her right to reign, and the injustice would be in restoring her to the throne, to trample again upon the rights of the men who pay the taxes, do the business, and who save her little country from being like other heathen islands of the Pacific Ocean.—*Hawaiian Star*, October 11th.

HOW GOD HAS LED ME THESE THIRTY YEARS.

It was thirty years last July since I landed in California. I have often felt moved, especially in the present year, to recall God's great mercies to me during this long period, and to thank him for the way in which he has led me.

When a lad not quite 14 years of age, I was a student in a small Chinese college at my native village, Shang Hong La, eighty miles southwest of Canton.

On one occasion the professor was expounding the wise sayings of Confucius on *filial duty*. This truth deeply touched my heart, and I resolved to follow that precept. I now fully believe that God spoke to me then and there, even in that little village in the heart of China, long before I ever thought about coming to America.

I. HOW GOD LED ME TO CALIFORNIA.

The next year in February, 1863, there came two visitors to my village from a neighboring town. They had just returned from California. While they were talking with several men of our village about the golden mountains (California), I happened to overhear their conversation. My curiosity was aroused. I said to myself, "How I wish that I could go to the golden mountains." Though I had this desire, yet I told it to no one, not even my own mother, for I did not expect that I ever could go. My father was not at home at the time. He was the chief clerk in a pawn-broker and safe-deposit establishment at Tin Kung, twenty miles from my home. He came home in March and told me that he had a position for me at Fot Shun, to be an apprentice at the shoe-making trade. Two weeks afterwards I started for Fot Shun; my father accompanied me as far as Tin Kung, where I embarked on a Fot Shun junk. I was greatly delighted at the prospect of starting out for myself; but at noon the next day after we had sailed, the captain heard that on account of the revolution in a certain section of the province, the Viceroy at Canton was pressing into service all the junks needed for conveying the government troops to the scene of revolt. Of course the captain did not care to have his junk taken, so he immediately steered back again. All the passengers felt deeply disappointed, especially myself. When I returned to my father's place at Tin Kung, I related all that had transpired; he also felt quite disappointed. A few days later he took me home. As the distance was about twenty miles and we had to walk all the way, we started quite early in the day. While on the way, my father and I talked freely on our disappointments, but when nearly home and while we were passing the town of the two men who had returned from California and had visited my village, a thought flashed through my mind. I exclaimed, "O father, Hoo Pon and Hoo Goo of this town have lately come home from the golden mountains; they are going back again soon; will you let me go with them?" My father replied, "Oh, no, I never dreamed of such a thing; no men from our village ever went to such a far off and strange country." But I kept on teasing him to let me go; he finally said, "You can see your mother about it." As soon as I reached home I related my new intention to her and begged her to let me go, but she opposed it even more strongly than my father; but my purpose was fully formed; I kept on begging her to let me go and she still refused. Two or three days after, one of my cousins heard of my intention; he, too, wanted to come; when my mother heard of this, she then reluctantly consented. I was so glad when she did that!

In the following month, April, 1863, my cousin and I started with the two men above mentioned, and with five others from the other villages. We two were the pioneers of our village to California. Our only object in coming to California was to get gold. After a voyage of two months on a sailing vessel, we landed in San Francisco, July 10, 1863. Our party stayed in San Francisco only a few days, for we were all anxious to get into the mining districts as soon as possible; but I was disappointed, for I was told that I was too

small to be a miner, and had to stay in San Francisco to find work in an American family. I thought I could just go to the mountains and brooks and pick up lumps of gold.

II. HOW GOD LED ME TO CHRISTIANITY.

After the departure of our party a newly acquainted Chinese friend took me to the Chinese mission on the corner of Stockton and Sacramento streets. His intention was to have me learn English, and also see if the missionary could find me a place to work; but while there we heard a sermon against the Chinese idols. He said, "It is useless to serve idols, for they cannot help you any." I was very indignant at his remarks, and said to myself, "I will never come into this place again."

Four years afterwards, while I was living in Mr. James Linforth's family, one evening when I got through my work I went into the sitting-room where the children were studying their school lessons. I had a great taste for pictures, so I asked for a book with pictures in. Frank Linforth stood up and took from the book-rack a catechism, which contained many pictures of the miracles of Jesus. I turned from one page to another, until I came to the pictures of Lazarus raised from the dead, and of the widow's son restored to life. I asked Frank to explain them to me, and he said, "Jesus Christ, our Lord, restored them to life, and He is the only begotten Son of God, who died for all sinners."

This simple story of Jesus produced an effect on my heart just opposite to that made by the words against my gods. I was filled with delight. The words sank deep into my mind and caused me to desire earnestly to know more of Christ and His wonderful power. I said to the boy, "How I wish that I could read this book myself!" He and his brothers kindly offered to teach me to read, which they did; but it was my misfortune to leave that place before I had advanced further than the primer, and for many months, perhaps two years, I had no opportunity to attend school, or keep on with my studies; but the words of Frank Linforth's explanation kept ringing in my ears. In the latter part of this period, I got into the habit of going almost constantly to the Chinese theater. A friend in whose house I was rooming had to open the door for me after I had returned from the theater, and of course he did not approve of the trouble, which occurred so often. At last he rebuked me severely. I was very much ashamed; but his rebuking had a good effect on me. I resolved then and there to break myself of this bad habit. "I will get a place to work in the country and will show my friend that I have enough manliness in me to keep away from theater if I have the mind." The next morning I went to the intelligence office and was given a situation in Oakland. I was very glad of this and went to work immediately. After having stayed a few days, I found the work was too heavy for me; for the gentleman had given me a great deal more work than what he had hired me for; yet I do not want to leave the place, for if I did, and should return to San Francisco, my friend would surely say this to me, "It is not because the work is too hard, but because you could not leave the theater."

I was determined not to give him any opportunity to say this; so I worked on.

When Sunday came I asked where I could find Chinatown, and was told to go right up Tenth street to Broadway, and there I could find some one to direct me; but instead of finding Chinatown, I found the gateway of heaven. Here the living God looked upon me most mercifully, for when I reached the corner of Tenth and Broadway I met one of my acquaintances who said he was on his way to Sunday-school. I at once exclaimed, "That is the very place I want to go to." "Come along," was the reply, and I gladly accepted his invitation. When I got there I asked the Superintendent, Mr. William K. Rowell, for the book about Jesus raising Lazarus and the widow's son to life. He brought me a Bible. I examined it, and when I did not find the pictures of the two miracles, I said, "This is not the book"; but Mr. Rowell said, "I will find the place"; and when he did so, he read the stories to me. I was pleased to hear the stories again, though not fully satisfied just then at not finding the very book I wanted. He took me to the class of Mrs. Moor, wife of Rev. Dr. George Moor, then pastor of the First Congregational church in Oakland.

After six weeks in her class, I went to work in her family, and whenever I was at leisure, she, or some member of the family, would teach me to read. They invited me to join them in their family prayers; gave me verses to recite as they did to their own children; but the thing which affected me the most was their fearless, consistent, Christian example. When the first Sabbath day came, they asked me to go to church with them. I was greatly surprised, and hardly knew what to answer; but they were too earnest in their request for me to hesitate.

"Are there any Chinese that attend your church?" I inquired. "No," was the answer. I said, "Well, I am ashamed to go, for people might laugh at me." They assured me

there would be no laughing, and they also said I should sit with them in their own pew. On the next Sunday morning the same invitation was extended, and the third likewise. I kept on going, and all the while I was thinking more and more of their interest in me, and their kindness to me, and I said to myself, "There must be something in Christianity which makes this family so different from any other I have ever met." I then resolved to choose Jesus for my Saviour. I few months later—namely, in August, 1870—two of my countrymen and myself were baptized and received into the First Congregational church of Oakland.

We were the first Chinese members of this denomination on the Pacific Coast, and probably the first Chinese that joined an English-speaking church this side the Rocky mountains. Oh, how great a debtor I am to these dear people of God, who led me from heathen darkness into the marvelous light of the blessed gospel!

III. HOW GOD LED ME TO THE MISSIONARY WORK.

Within a week after my return from China in June, 1871, I was engaged to cook for Hopkins Academy (then Golden Gate Academy), in Oakland. My service was to begin when the term opened.

As I had more than a month to wait, Rev. John Kimball, the first Superintendent of the California Chinese Mission, proposed to have me go to Sacramento and spend a month in our mission school there. My duty was to gather the Chinese into the school, assist in teaching them, and also preach the gospel to them as far as I knew how. I did not feel competent to accept the position, but Mr. Kimball urged me to try. I reluctantly consented. I went there and made a little better success than I had anticipated. Toward the close of the month I wrote to Mr. Kimball stating that my month was nearly up, and I had to come down to go to Hopkins Academy. He replied that I was doing nicely, and that I had better keep on. The teacher also urged me to remain until the vacation of the school, which was a fortnight; hence, accordingly I remained until the vacation, at which time I came down. Mr. Kimball, instead of releasing me, wanted me to continue in the work. He then sent me to start a new Chinese school at the Third Congregational church. Within the radius of a mile from this church many Chinese were employed.

We soon found that our San Francisco school was twice as large as the one in Sacramento, and I was needed more here than there.

Thus I was unexpectedly called into the service of the Lord, and have continued therein these twenty-three years.

In looking back over these thirty years of my life, I cannot help thinking how much our lives lie in God's hands, and how true the proverb, "Man proposes, God disposes." How great His wisdom! Who can doubt that the Lord led me to California, to Christianity and to this work! Oh, how can I praise him enough, and thank him for his boundless mercies!

May every one know of his love is my sincere prayer. JEE GAM.

LET US BE THANKFUL!

Of course we can be thankful. Who is there on God's earth, and under his bright skies, and surrounded by his great family of children, who has not these three things, at least, to be grateful for? Good Housekeeping gives a list of some of the general causes for our thankfulness, to which may be added individual items almost ad infinitum.

So let us be thankful—

That we were born in the most progressive age of the world.

That the country is still quite safe in spite of the politicians.

That there are so many large, healthy, and happy families in it.

That we have saved so much from our income during the year.

That if we have wasted it, we have learned some valuable lessons.

That, if not, we may still be thankful for what we have in hand.

That if we haven't saved it, we have received good value for it.

That if we are rich or prosperous, we can give a turkey to some poor family.

That if we are a poor family, somebody will very probably bring us a turkey.

When I see society conceiving no higher purpose for its activities than amusement; when I consider how many of our brightest men have written the word Agnostic on their banner, as if not to know anything, or to consider anything incapable of being known, were a condition to shout over and not to mourn over; when I see all these things I cannot help feeling as if they were something very like the echoes of the old Hebrew cry, "Let not God speak to us, lest we die."—*Phillips Brooks*.

Stand with the few till the night is past, God's day shall dawn on the truth at last; His arm shall awake for those who sigh, His strength shall stand for the weak that cry, Through dark of dawn his day draws on, And right shall triumph by and by.

Miscellany.

November's Feast-Day.

Welcome, thou grand old Feast-day!
Again the sunset fields
Lie idle in the soft, gray light,
Shorn of their splendid yields;
Again the lanes have glimmered
With farewell golden-rod,
And gentian fringes closed above
The olive-tinted sod.

But thou, O grand old Feast-day,
Thou hast no need of these
To draw us to thee. Though thou bring'st
Gray skies and leafless trees,
A hundred welcomes to thee!
Ye altar-fires of home,
Shine out!—and kindred, gather
From sea to mountain-dome!

So hail thee, grand old Feast-day!
The wind-swept orchard boughs
Have flung their ruddy gold and green
Upon the earth. The mow
Is rich with grain; the furrows
Sleep 'neath the sun's veiled ray—
And all the land is glad, and greets
A new Thanksgiving day!

—*Good Housekeeping*.

LOBENGULA AS HE IS.

Word-pictures will enable us to form a tolerably clear conception of Lobengula. He is now an enormously fat old man of some sixty years of age. His height is not more than five feet eleven inches, but owing to his excessive stoutness he seems to be shorter than he is in reality. The descriptions of him recall a passage in Judges, which describes how Eglon, the king of Moab, a very fat man, met his death by the dagger of Ehud. When Lobengula sits upon his biscuit-box receiving his visitors, he rests his hands upon his thighs, which are almost covered by the protuberant paunch. Notwithstanding his corpulence, he is, according to all observers, not an undignified monarch. He used to wear breeches and a dirty coat, but he has long since reverted to the more picturesque costume of his own people. When in full dress he wears a broad-brimmed, black felt hat with a bunch of monkey skins round his waist and a sword by his side. Sometimes he variegates this by twisting some blue calico round his shoulders. When he danced—which was in his younger days for he is now too fat and gouty for that exercise—he was dressed in monkey skins and black ostrich feathers.

Mr. Johnson gives one or two stories as illustrating the kind of exploit by which the king obtains his reputation as a rainmaker:

The king has the reputation of being a remarkably good hand at making a thunderstorm, and in this he gives way to no man. I remember one day in June—the one month in the whole year in which you least expect rain—some natives had brought a large python into camp, and were singing some of their rain songs. It is sudden death to any native in Matabeleland who, if he sees a python, does not by some means or other manage to secure it and bring it in alive. The king took possession of the reptile, and said he must go and make rain. I laughed at this, and said I did not think he could do so, to which the king replied, "You will see." The python was skinned alive, its liver taken out and cooked, and the usual rainmaking rites performed. Curiously enough, just before sundown the sky clouded over, and soon afterward one of the heaviest thunderstorms I had ever seen broke over the place. Next morning the king asked me if a white man could make a thunderstorm like that? I said, "No, king; if we could get you down amongst the farmers in the Karoo we could guarantee you a fortune."

He gives us his own explanation of the mystery that Lobengula knew from the fact that the wind had veered round and had blown for three days from the west, which is an almost sure sign that there will be rain on the fourth day. That, however, does not explain the coincidence of the discovery of the python; without it there would have been no attempt at rainmaking that time. Besides, Lobengula frequently tries to make rain when drought is persistent, and presents of cattle are brought in and whole kraals of suspected subjects are killed.—*Review of Reviews*.

Wickedness is doing something for its own overthrow in the world, by having its own way, and its hour and its power. Suppressed, undeveloped, mild-mannered wickedness is regarded with little aversion by many, and so it spreads to do more widely and terribly its destroying work. So it is with the little vices. They spread their poison and pave the way for more terrible followers. Insidious worldliness, or cool indifference creep into the heart, and unbolt the door for the great and alarming departures from rectitude which seem to rush in suddenly, to our horror and astonishment. The full cup of iniquity astonishes, and horrifies, and repels, and often starts hearty reaction. The financial extravagance which creates a panic, by that very fact begins to correct itself. So religiously, one's backslidings, according to the Divine Word, turn upon us. A course of evil may become so crushing that people rise up to crush it. May the crushing begin soon for many of them.—*Christian Inquirer*.

CONGREGATIONAL DIRECTORY.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRST CHURCH—Southeast corner Post and Mason streets. Rev. C. O. Brown, D.D., Pastor; residence, 1319 Post street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Chinese school, 6 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH—Post street, between Buchanan and Webster. Rev. W. D. Williams, D.D., Pastor; residence, 1719 Post street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-schools at 9:30 A. M. and 12:30 P. M.; Christian Endeavor, 6:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

THIRD CHURCH—South side Fifteenth St., between Valencia and Mission. Rev. F. B. Pullan, Pastor; residence, 117 Capp street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

FOURTH CHURCH—South side Green street, between Stockton and Powell streets. Rev. H. H. Wilcox, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

BETHANY CHURCH—Bartlett street, near Twenty-sixth street. Rev. W. C. Pond, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Chinese school, 6:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

PARK CHURCH—416 Devisadero St., Horace W. Houlding, Pastor, residence 872 Alpine St. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 3 P. M. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening, 7:30.

OLIVET CHURCH—Southwest corner Seventeenth and Noe streets. Rev. H. Hammond Cole, Pastor; residence, 309 Sanchez street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Young People's Meeting, 6:45 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

SWEDESH CHURCH—538 Jessie street, between Ninth and Seventh streets. Rev. C. Anderson, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 9:30 A. M. Prayer-meeting, Tuesday and Thursday, 8 P. M.

OCEAN VIEW CHURCH—Broad avenue, near Capital street. Rev. John G. Eckles, Pastor; residence, corner Sadoway and Capitol St. Sunday-school at 11 A. M. Christian Endeavor at 6:30 P. M. Preaching at 7:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

PILGRIM CHAPEL—Edinburgh, near Persia street. Sunday-school at 2:30 P. M.

SEVENTH AVENUE CHURCH—Corner Oakland and Clement ave. Sunday preaching, 7:30 P. M. by Rev. Philip Coombe, pastor. Sunday-school at 3 P. M., F. K. Houston Superintendent.

PIERCE-STREET CHAPEL—Northwest corner Pierce and Green streets. Preaching Sunday, at 11 A. M., by Rev. Philip Coombe. John H. Kemp, Superintendent. Sunday-school, 3 P. M.

Congregational Associates.—President—Stephen S. Smith, No. 7 Montgomery avenue. Secretary and Treasurer—James E. Ager, 508 Clay street.

W. H. M. U. for Southern California.—President, Mrs. Emma Cash, 1710 Temple street, Los Angeles; Secretary, Mrs. H. K. W. Bent, Box 442 Pasadena; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary M. Smith, Public Library Riverside. Superintendent of Literature, Mrs. Allison C. Blakely, South Los Angeles, Cal. Superintendent of Young People's Work, Mrs. J. H. Woodworth, Pasadena. Superintendent of Children's Work, Mrs. W. H. Dwight, Pasadena.

Northern California Woman's State Home Missionary Society.—President—Mrs. M. L. Merritt, 478 Edwards street, Oakland, Cal. Treasurer—Mrs. J. M. Haven, 1329 Harrison street, Oakland, Cal. Recording Secretary—Mrs. M. L. F. Eastman, 516 Valencia street, San Francisco. Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. E. M. Howard, 911 Grove street, Oakland, Cal.

Southern Branch of Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific.—President—Mrs. Anna S. Averill, 1633 Rockwell avenue, Los Angeles. Vice-President—Los Angeles District—Mrs. Mary C. Phillips, 1300 Carroll avenue, Los Angeles. Vice-President—San Bernardino District—Mrs. J. G. Hale Redlands. Home Secretary—Mrs. H. A. Brown, Belmont Hall, Los Angeles. Foreign Secretary—Mrs. A. L. McPherson, Redlands. Treasurer—Mrs. F. A. Miller, Riverside. Superintendent of Christian Endeavor Work—Miss C. L. Tatham, 1127 S. Hill street. Superintendent of Children's Work—Mrs. Isabella Scott, Ontario.

BENEVOLENT ORGANIZATIONS.

Young Men's Christian Association.—232 Sutter street. H. J. McCoy, Secretary.

Boys and Girls' Aid Society.—Baker street, corner Grove, San Francisco.

Cal. W. C. T. U.—132 McAllister street, San Francisco.

Fruit and Flower Mission for Aiding the Needy and Sick.—420 Post street, San Francisco. Thursday—Visiting days to hospitals and other benevolent institutions. President—Miss Anna Hall. Vice-President—Mrs. A. K. Arnold. Treasurer, Mrs. Geo. H. Buckingham. Financial Secretary—Miss E. Hammond.

Young Women's Christian Association.—120 O'Farrell street, between Octavia and Gough.

Congregational Ministerial Relief Society.—President—Rev. J. C. Holbrook, D.D. Secretary—Rev. J. H. Warren, D.D. Treasurer—Geo. H. Kellogg, 112 Liberty St.

Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society.—Boston and Chicago. Secretary—Rev. Geo. M. Boynton, D.D. Field Secretary—W. A. Duncan, Ph.D. Treasurer—E. Lawrence Barnard, Rev. Loyd L. Wirt, Superintendent for Central and Northern California; 524 Thirty-first street, Oakland.

Congregational Home Missionary Society.—Bible House, Astor Place, New York. Secretaries—Rev. J. B. Clark, Rev. William Kincaid, Rev. Washington Choate. Treasurer—W. B. Howland, Esq. Superintendent Northern California and Nevada—Rev. J. K. Harrison, 735 Market street; residence, 1005 App street, San Francisco. Sup't. Southern California—Rev. J. T. Ford, Los Angeles. Financial Agent—J. S. Hutchinson, at The Sather Banking Company's, corner Pine and Sansome streets; or, P. O. Box 2563.

American Missionary Association.—Bible House, Astor Place, New York. Secretaries—Rev. M. E. Strieby, D.D., Rev. A. F. Bancroft, Rev. F. P. Woodbury, D.D. Treasurer—H. W. Hubbard, Esq., Western District Secretary—Rev. J. E. Roy, D.D., 151 Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

California Chinese Mission.—Auxiliary to the American Missionary Association. Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D., President. Rev. W. C. Pond, D.D., 416 Bartlett street, San Francisco, Secretary.

The Congregational Church Building Society.—Secretary, Rev. L. H. Cobb, D.D., 59 Bible House, New York. Treasurer—H. O. Pimmo, 59 Bible House, New York. Secretary—H. H. Wilcox, 1009 Green street, San Francisco.

Missionary Society of the Swedish Congregational Church.—Rev. C. A. Bjork, 1033 Mission street, Chicago.

Woman's Board of the Pacific.—President—Mrs. H. E. Jewett, Vacaville. Recording Secretary—Mrs. S. S. Smith, 1704 Geary St., San Francisco. Home Secretaries—Mrs. L. E. Dwinell, 461 East Fourteenth street, Oakland; Mrs. H. H. Cole, 309 Sanchez street, San Francisco (Mrs. J. H. Warren, Honorary Home Secretary). Foreign Secretary—Mrs. Mrs. Susan Farnham, Fruitvale. Treasurer—Miss Beattie Merriam, 1125 Franklin St., Oakland. Contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace E. Goodhue, Treasurer Y. L. B. W. B., 1723 Geary street, San Francisco.

RANGES!



THE NEW HOUSEHOLD

Is the people's choice. The only Range that will bear out all that can be said in praise of it. Baking and Roasting, economy of fuel, cleanliness, faultless quality and workmanship. Fitted with the wonderful Self-Basting and Ventilated Oven, allowing all odors from the oven to pass into the chimney.

John F. Myers & Co.,
947 MARKET STREET.

DIEBOLD Safe & Lock COMPANY.

Safes of Every Description.
FIRE PROOF, BURGLAR PROOF,
AND FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF,
VAULT DOORS, ETC., ETC.

Correspondence solicited.

C. B. PARCELLS,

AGENT FOR PACIFIC COAST,
411 and 413 Market St., S. F.

H. Le Baron Smith,

MERCHANT TAILOR,
323 Bush St., S. F.

Will endeavor to please any who would want suit of clothing made.

OKFORD to order.

Always in stock.

stock manufactured from

PURE WOOL

If we do not have in stock the particular pattern our customer wants, we will go with him to the wholesale cloth houses, where he can obtain the best selection in San Francisco to choose from. Fifteen per cent discount to clericalmen.

323 BUSH STREET, S. F.

H. Le Baron Smith,

Genuine Hand Woven and Hand Spun Goods, now in stock.

JOHN HENDERSON, JR.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER

COAL.

Hotels, Restaurants, Families and Offices supplied at the lowest market rates.

No. 224 Eddy Street.

Bet. Taylor and Jones Sts.

Next to New Wigwam

Telephone No. 5384

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE

Importers and Dealers in

BOOK, NEWS,

WRITING AND

P-A-P-E-R-S

WARD STOOK, STRAW and

BINDERS' BOARD, ETC.

Manufacturers of Patent Machine-made Paper

Pages.

512 to 516 Sacramento and 519 Com-

mercial Sts., San Francisco.

FRED WILSON

Merchant Tailor

A Full Line of Foreign and Domestic Goods.

Fifteen per cent. discount to clericalmen.

610 MONTGOMERY STREET.

N. E. cor. Merchant St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Palace Warm Salt Water Baths.

The Pacific.

30 CENTS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
40-7 Montgomery Av., San Francisco, Cal.

TAKE NOTICE—LIBERAL OFFER.—Any person sending us \$7.50, with three new names, shall receive four copies of THE PACIFIC for one year. THE PACIFIC is not published to make money or pay salaries, but solely to help on our Master's work. If you are not a subscriber, send your address, and pay \$2.50 at any time within three months. It will pay you and yours well.

Wednesday, November 22, 1893.

A WIDER CONSCIENCE TOWARD HAWAII.

According to statistics compiled by Thomas G. Thrum, \$36,841,690 represents the amount invested in sugar and other corporations on the Hawaiian Islands. Of this sum, only \$657,753 is credited to the native and half-caste population, or less than two per cent only. It is estimated that there may be \$12,000,000 of other property, of which native or half-caste inhabitants hold a larger proportion, perhaps twenty-five per cent. Americans own seventy per cent of the property invested in the principal corporations, British, twenty per cent. Germans less than six per cent. And yet some among us appear to think our Government must be backward in asserting American control and protection in those islands. This backwardness is made to pose as an international virtue. They are so careful of doing right by the Hawaiians. Now, we have no admiration of the jingo that has distinguished some statesmanship in Great Britain, an ambition for empire that mocks the sense of justice toward the weaker families of the race. But this jingo of the Administration in the name of righteousness does not commend itself to our admiration either. Nothing can be nobler than the sentiment which seems to take advantage of the weak. Indeed, it almost made us a Democrat when we first heard the Secretary of State plead for justice toward the gentle people on the sunny isles. Nevertheless, our sober second thought suggests whether all America's duty, or the supreme part of it, consists in the re-enthronement of the late Queen. Conscience is a grand thing as between nations. We should have been glad to see a finer and quicker sense of it in some late action of the American Congress affecting well-known treaty obligations. But our national obligations to Hawaii are much broader than tenderness toward the royal succession of its late sovereign. Her former subjects themselves are entitled to wider and deeper consideration. For in this case the firm and ample protection of the preponderant interests of property held in American hands is the surest security for the protection of all classes of the complex population. We would not do injustice to Secretary Gresham, nor to President Cleveland, and we are especially glad to believe that a strong moral conviction has weight with them, but that definition of the colored man has occurred to us with some freshness: "Conscience, master, is something in me which says, 'I won't.'" That sort of a thing is a very good possession, but it is not quite the best of the moral imperative.

AN AFRICAN REFORMER.

The war with the Matabele people in South Africa brings into renewed prominence the admirable qualities of Khama, the king of the adjoining territory. He is a man who wins respect for his African race, and a native Christian who adorns the cause of missions. He came early under the influence of Robert Moffat, and of his son John, and subsequently of two other eminent missionaries. At the age of eighteen he displeased his father by refusing, from Christian principle, to take a second wife. His hearty adoption of the Christian morality excited the opposition of rival chiefs, and hazarded for several years his prospect of becoming the sovereign of his people. But, since his accession in 1875, he has ruled with a wise hand over a united and progressive nation. A pronounced Christian, he has introduced trial by jury, abolished polygamy and witchcraft, and what has been most remarkable and potent, waged unceasing war against strong drink. "I fear strong drink more than the assegais of the Matabele."

One evidence of his capacity as a

chief is the accomplishment of his cherished purpose—to remove his capital. This was done for sanitary reasons, but was a risky and large undertaking. He succeeded, and the seat of government, Palapye, is the largest and by far the most wholesome and comfortable native town in South Africa. Khama, though a lover of peace, is a keen hunter, and capable of leading his men in effective battle. Lobengula, with whom the British are at war, bears on the back of his neck, the mark of Khama's bullet. In the present collision, although the British government had humiliated him by a gratuitous insult, he is aiding it by furnishing a well-equipped force against the Matabele. It is to be hoped that no additional successor of English rule in that vast area will arrest or cripple the beneficent administration of an African prince who has won the admiration of all travelers as a gentleman, reformer, builder, and a conscientious and intelligent Christian.

The appeal of the American Board to the churches to make an immediate and special contribution to pay off the deficiency of \$88,000 at once is very urgent. The question of the yearly appropriations for the various missions, always one of anxious and delicate adjustment, is this year peculiarly so. The times are hard in all lands. The work requires constant expansion. Unless greater means are at hand, the men and women on the ground cannot be relieved by fresh re-enforcements. Unless they are relieved, they will be overburdened and laid aside prematurely. Promising openings for work must be closed. Most of this is the usual situation, but the two items of hard times and a large debt make the situation specially critical. A quick response at the rate of about fifteen cents a church member would send a large ray of sunlight into the room where the new Prudential Committee are called to make their estimates. The Broadway Tabernacle, N. Y., did not let a Sunday pass before it led off in the fit movement. We hope that churches on the Pacific Coast will not be behindhand in remembering this exigency. A brother was saying that he always looked down the donation columns to see how California was doing. It occurred to us whether his heart had lately been exhilarated by the generosity he noted there.

It was said, in our last number, of the church with which the General Association met in the South that it "is a splendid representation of Congregationalism in all ways." Cannot such representative churches be multiplied? Oranges and oranges grow southward and northward, but it is the ideal orange that most deserves and rewards culture. Yet there are cultivators who are content to have the poor varieties. The churches organized on the Pilgrim model are capable of the finest institutional life of any organizations on the planet. Happy the minister who has the desire to realize in his field as perfect a church as the field can be made to yield. We are sometimes shown a country home which is admirable in all its appointments, yet we are told that a few years ago the site was wild and unpromising. Our pastors are often called to work among parishes that do not seem to offer any material for ecclesiastical beauty. But the right man, laboring under the inspiration of the Spirit, makes the wilderness blossom as the rose. Let us have more "splendid representatives" of our polity, both churches and ministers.

As the Congregationalists have achieved a measure of success in setting up Mansfield College at Oxford, the Unitarians have followed suit, and opened Manchester New College at the same literary center. Some persons of eminence in the Anglican Church, like Professor Cheyne, gave a welcome, but Principal Fairbairn did not see fit to mingle in the ceremonies. The much-talked-of authorship of Robert Elmsere was an interested auditor, but she came away criticising the hymns that were used, and hoping that her Unitarian friends will not introduce extempore prayer. She thinks they have in James Martineau the genius that could create for them a fit liturgy.

The occasion of the installation of Dr. Stimson over the Broadway Tabernacle church, New York, was a

special cause of gratulation and hope. We are not unmindful of the services of Dr. Taylor. They have been worthy of the grateful commemoration they have received. His loyalty to the denomination, even, may be counted as quite a marvel in one whose antecedents and remaining convictions seemed to require a qualified enthusiasm. Still it is like going back to those inspiring days of old, when Joseph P. Thompson was girding his shining armor on, to hear the summoning voice in that pulpit of one who has no apologies to make for either his faith or his polity.

HAWAII.

By the arrival of the *Australia* from Honolulu on Saturday last we learn that the fears of the friends of Hawaii, that Commissioner Willis may have used force in putting the queen back on the throne, have not had fulfillment. Everything was quiet, and the good people there were still in ignorance of the purposes of our Government. It seems evident that Mr. Willis found a very different state of things in Honolulu from what was expected by our Government. He found that to carry out the policy of the Administration would be to make war on law and order, and decency, and Christianity, and the very best of American citizens. The Provisional Government, in fact, represents all that is best in the Christian civilization that has been built up there in the past seventy years, and Mr. Willis was not prepared to use our military power to overthrow it.

Since our last issue a pretty full synopsis of Commissioner Blount's report has been given to the public. Every line of it is tinged with prejudice. It is singularly *ex parte*. Its conclusions are emphatically denied by those who were chief in the affairs of the revolution. The one good thing about its publication is that it will give opportunity for replies. Up to this time there has been no such opportunity. There has been nothing open and above board in the dealings of the present administration with the Provisional Government. A fixed but concealed purpose has been steadily pursued. Ministers have been received and accredited, full recognition has been accorded, diplomatic forms have been observed, expressions of regard have been exchanged, while a hidden purpose to find ground against the existing government of the islands has been followed. When Mr. Blount left the islands he left upon the Provisional Government and its friends the impression that his report would be truthful and even favorable. His report now reads as if he were an enemy in disguise. It will give intense pain to those who trusted in his honor. Why there should be this concealment of plan so long, and why our Government should proceed as it were by strategy in its dealings with the islands, and why it has refrained from honorable and open negotiations, and never invited friendly conference, is one of the unexplained and sad problems of this whole affair.

On Sunday morning at 6 o'clock, October 29th, I looked out of my window, and at the corner house directly opposite I saw a man of sixty-two years, hale and hearty, with hose ready to wash off his door steps, wash the stone sidewalk and water his yard and plants, etc. For some four hours this neighbor of mine was thus employed, and this has been his usual custom of a Sunday morning for a year past; no less than one week from this a long black crape draped from his door-knob. "In the midst of life we are in death"; yes; the angel of death stands at the very door of our humble dwelling. I often wondered at the regularity and persistence of this man to do this watering every returning Sabbath morn. I fear he was seldom seen at the sanctuary, and oh, how sudden and unexpected the call of the Master, whose we are and whom we are bound to serve! In less than a week's time this man, evidently in his prime, was stricken down, and carried by friends to the cemetery. His neighbors were shocked at the suddenness of the call. Let us be ready, remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

The Rev. C. C. Creagan, D.D., for six years the Field Secretary of the American Board, has been appointed District Secretary at New York to succeed the Rev. C. H. Daniels, D.D. Dr. Creagan comes to this new office with a large experience among the churches, and familiarity with the work of the Board. This will guarantee his success.

The second annual meeting of the Utah churches has been held at Provo. Superintendent W. S. Hawkins was chosen Moderator, and Rev. J. D. Nutting, Scribe.

The largest island in the world is Australia; greatest length, 2,400 miles; greatest breadth, 2,000 miles; area, 2,949,798 square miles, or nearly the size of the United States.

Sewing has been taught in the Boston schools since 1835, cooking since 1880, and carpentry since 1882.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION FIELD NOTES.

DEAR PACIFIC: I have no real estate in Monterey county, but I have, nevertheless, a combination thrill as hunter, fisherman, and cloud-watcher, at the proposed excursion of the Retreat Committee, who are searching for the complete Congregational paradise. If they will stand on Dr. Robert's porch at Seaside, after dinner, and look over the medicated lakes, the Del Monte park, the rolling hills, and then climb up and roll down a sand-dune as a digester, they will not despise the little spot, which certainly is the cheapest piece of land I know of anywhere for lots for summer outing. I don't know that the white, dry sand will draw spots out of children's clothes. I do know they can roll and tumble on them all day without soiling clothes. If they will use a gunny-sack as a sled, they will save wear and tear, and it is something near the fun of tobogganing. Not quite equal.

I do not suppose the Pacific Improvement Company would refuse a reasonable price for a tract of land in the Grove simply because the purchasers proclaimed Plymouth Rock principles. The tabernacle is built here, and there is a piscatorial annex to Leland Stanford University, and ladies say the mosses are unsurpassed in the world—a neat hotel, under unsurpassed management. Be thorough, brethren, and do not be scared by the Methodists! They don't bite. Would you believe it, when my young setter killed a chicken for practice, and as a hint I ought to try him on real game, the neighbor gave me the chicken with no hard words? That's the kind of neighbors you'll find in the Grove, if you will come and resort here. But if you ask me what is the real beauty spot of the Pacific Coast I answer, without a question, Point Lobos, on Carmel Bay. Five years of observation only strengthens these convictions. The ragged peaks, cypress-crowned and shag-nested, the deep canyons where the surging waves are stilled, the wave-worn bathing holes in the rocks where old Sol does the temperature business to perfection, the mosses, shells, and ferns, San Jose Creek, with its cold springs and speckled trout, El Carmel river, with its trout, salmon, wild geese, and myriads of ducks, wide meadows where cattle graze knee deep, and butter just rolls into market, graceful foot hills and high mountains, there is nothing that the eye craves unless it be snow, which that El Carmel campaign does not give, and one surpassing beauty which this beloved Grove misses, and must trudge two miles to see. At Carmel you can see the sun set in the sea, and watch the golden glory stream through the green waves, combing in over sands, and tumbling on the ragged rocks, until your soul grows artistic as Bierstadt, and you rejoice that there are scenic glories no syndicate can gobble up. Young minister, if you want a camping-ground where you can study nature, bag game, or rush into a neighboring wilderness where mountain lions and roaring bears wait your guns, have an eye to Point Lobos. The S. P. Co. will run a train there before many hairs whiten, and there will be an inn built, whose surrounding glories of nature will discount Del Monte's surpassing artificial charms.

HOLIDAY PICTURE MISSION.

Letters keep coming, asking about sending pictures to mission fields. What? When? Where? Any pictures which would please a heathen eye, and yet teach no vice or folly. The pictures which past holidays have piled on your shelves. The illustrations of the picture papers you have accumulated. Set the children's scissors right at them. Let the Junior Endeavor, or your little Mission Circle, have a pre-Thanksgiving frolic, and just enjoy cutting out, and, in some way, spreading before all the eyes in the church, these pictures. They will please all who see. Postage will not tax the hard-times purse. Send to any missionary you know. They will put illuminated joys on the dark walls of sin-shadowed homes. In Japan or in Turkey the hospital sufferers will welcome them, and, convalescing, will carry out the lesson and the pictures of kindness far and wide. I am partial to the Azariah Smith Hospital at Aintab, Turkey, for I saw much of it; but in all lands and in all denominations of missions there is room for American pictures to fly like snowflakes between now and Christmas. The Silver bill can not squelch Kris Kringle. Christ, in child hearts, glorifies Santa Claus.

THE "CITY OF NEW YORK."

They say she is pounding on the rocks at the Golden Gate because the latest methods of floating ships have not been applied. The very latest love method of fellowship between churches is the fulfilling of the law of Christ by bearing each other the burden of the other. It's the old cruel way to say: "Go it alone." You attend to your affairs, and I will attend to mine. It is fellowship which is going to make all the Pilgrim schools on this coast stronger by mutual alliance and knowledge. That good Brother Cobb, in New York, who is almost all sweet corn—hot corn, too, in his enthusiasm, with conservative

salt, too, in due measure—writes there is no moral doubt that your—our—Pilgrim Church Building Society will, by loan and grant—chiefly by loan—put in the oar for nearly half we need. That lever has begun to lift already. To-day the Petaluma chandelier arrived via Pittsburg:

"Light in the darkness," sailor, Day is at hand." Beside the Oakland Great Heart, we are to have our late vigorous moderators and the wisdom of Secretaries Wirt and Harrison. Do not hesitate to use the telegraph, friends, if needful, to bear a hand in Mayflower's tug on the 26th. "God willing to finish our church and pay for it." At least you will pray for us.

EDWIN SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

DIED.

KELLOGG.—Died, in this city, November 19, 1893, George Henry Kellogg, aged 71 years. Obituary next week.

STUART.—Died, in this city, November 17, 1893, James F. Stuart, Esq., aged 79 years and 11 months.

Mr. Stuart was born in Johnstown, New York, in 1814. In early life he became a Christian, and resolved to be a minister. With that end in view, he entered Oberlin College, where he graduated in the regular literary and theological departments. But afterward changing his plans, he went to Newburyport, Mass., and engaged in business. In 1849 he came to California, around the Horn, in the ship *Vistula*, of which he was part owner, arriving in this city in January, 1850. Here he soon became one of the leading wholesale merchants. In the big fires of 1851, '52 and '53 he lost heavily. In 1856 Mr. Stuart bought the Spanish grant which is near the site of Petaluma, Sonoma county; thus he became involved in long and tedious litigation as to the validity of the title, which continued until 1870, and resulted in the grant being declared public land. Had he succeeded, he would have been a very rich man, as the land is very valuable; and our churches and schools would, doubtless, have received very large gifts from this generous man. Without this land, but possessing a good property, he has dispensed liberal gifts to very many in need. He was always obliging, kind and liberal. His experience in this large suit gave him a knowledge of Spanish grants and land titles, which resulted in his opening a law office, and entering upon the practice of law, making land titles a specialty. In the department of Spanish grants law, he probably had no superior on this coast. In 1853 Mr. Stuart became a member of the First Congregational church, in this city, by letter from the Second Congregational church, Newburyport, and in that connection he remained to the end of his life. Mr. Stuart was truly a Christian gentleman. In his manners, address and conversation he was always a gentleman. He was a fine conversationalist, and his large knowledge and varied experience made him most agreeable company. He experienced great disappointments, but he did not allow them to sadden his life. He rose superior to circumstances. His richest treasures were laid up in heaven. He lived from day to day, ready to go. He rounded out a noble life at nearly four score, and lay down to die at peace with all the world and with his God. He was buried from his home, and the home of his son, William A. Stuart, Esq., 1704 Larkin street, on last Sunday morning. A large number of friends were present. Rev. John Kimball officiated, assisted by Rev. Samuel Slocombe. His good wife had preceded him some years to the heavenly land.

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

When It Comes Thanksgiving.

I'm going to grandma's, across the bay,
To stay till after Thanksgiving Day;
They live up there on the mountain side
Where all day long the roses hide.
The dear little birds are ever so tame,
They fly right up to the window-pane;
And oh! the pie my grandma makes—
As soon as you touch the crust it breaks.
She has apples and nuts up in the loft,
She sleeps on a feather-bed—my, it's soft!
And she tucks the covers around you so
She don't leave a bit of room to grow.
Her hair is white, and she wears a cap;
Sometimes she stops to take a nap
When she is tired, as she often is—
Then I creep up and steal a kiss.
She says I look just like pa did
When he was a little romping kid;
And then, somehow, a tear comes in her eye,
While I slyly whisper, "You got any pie?"
One day I went into her house
As quiet and still as any mouse,
I couldn't find grandma anywhere—
I began to think she wasn't there—
When suddenly I heard her say,
"God bless and keep him every day."
And then I knew that she meant me—
She was on her knees in the buttry.

I tell you what, it touched me then
To hear her praying for me, when
When she thought I didn't hear or know,
I slipped out again on tiptoe.
Now, do you wonder I love her,
Such a dear, darling grandmother?
One who tells God all about you,
And loves you, whatever you do?
I pity the boy who has no grandma,
Nor fun-loving, tender old grandpa;
They miss half the fun of living, makes—
Especially when it comes Thanksgiving.

LORENA D. CHARLOTTE N. CUMMINS.

The Christian Endeavor Societies of Iowa held a State Convention at Muscatine, October 31st, to November 2d. There are over one thousand Societies in the State.

Y. M. C. A. STATE CONVENTION.

The thirteenth annual State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of California assembled in the city of Stockton on the 8th of November, for five days of deliberation, counsel and prayer, and there came down on all its sessions rich showers of blessings. Credentials were received from 165 delegates, representing twenty-three Associations, town and college. The opening address was delivered Wednesday night, November 8th, by Rev. Wm. Rader of Oakland, whose subject was "The Place of Young Men in the Religious Life of Our Country." The keynote of the Convention was sounded in the Bible studies which, conducted by the Rev. Dr. E. S. Chapman, pastor Mills' College, opened each morning and afternoon session. His masterly address on "The Stones Crying Out," the testimony of archaeological research in the ruins of Assyria and Egypt to the historic truth of the Word, strengthened each heart; and his tender words on the Holy Spirit led many to new aspirations to go out and to "see no man save Jesus only." The State Executive Committee made its report, showing a State work of the past year embarrassed for lack of funds; a year of financial depression and trying times in all the city associations, but difficulties in a fair way of solution; a year of deep spiritual awakening among the colleges, where many young men have been brought to Christ; a year in which Stiles Hall, the new home of the Association of the University of California, has been completed at a cost of nearly \$30,000, and the erection of the new building of the San Francisco Association, a property representing in money value half a million dollars, being rapidly pushed toward completion; a year of two well-attended district conferences of great spiritual power; three college conferences, one of which was considered the best yet held on the coast, and the County Convention in Santa Clara county, where, during the year, associations have been organized in five towns, and the work crowned at this Convention by the conversion of ten young men; a year of the greatest difficulties in the State work, but marked with more spiritual results than any of its predecessors. The Convention took action upon the State Committee's report as follows:

Urging upon the local Associations the importance of the work of extension; recommending efforts to secure in unorganized towns corresponding members of the State Committee; endorsing the Santa Clara county work, and recommending that like work be taken up in other counties as soon as practicable; recommending that the Committee foster a thorough system of deputation work; that special effort be made tending to the organization and development of junior departments in the State; and also that the sum of \$4,200, payable quarterly, be raised in order that a State Secretary and a College Secretary be kept in the field, and all necessary expenses be paid. Seventeen hundred dollars were raised immediately, and the Convention rose as a man and sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

D. Edward Collins of Oakland was elected Chairman of the State Executive Committee, vice George T. Hawley, resigned, who, however, still remains on the State Committee. The following officers of the Convention were elected: D. Edward Collins of Oakland, President; W. C. Ramsey of Stockton, C. C. Meeker of San Jose, C. W. Dugger of Pasadena, G. A. Miller of Stanford University, Milos B. Fisher of the University of California, Vice-Presidents; George H. Studley of San Francisco, Secretary; Albert Penny of Los Gatos, Owen E. Hotle of University of the Pacific, Assistant Secretaries.

International College Secretary E. L. Hunt rendered valuable aid throughout the Convention, and his presence gave an added impetus to the State college work. By his suggestion, and the cordial and loving co-operation of Dr. Chapman, who became beloved of all the delegates, it is probable that at Mills College next summer there will be a Bible school and conference similar to that of Northfield. May God bless the thought and its execution!

The big athletic meet and Pentathlon on Saturday, the 11th, was a splendid success. Several gold medals and other valuable prizes were awarded the successful contestants. Mr. Charles Dole of Riverside was the winner of the magnificent Pentathlon gold medal, presented by George C. Shreve & Co., of San Francisco. The delegates filled the pulpits of the local churches on the closing day of the Convention, and the day was one of blessing to Stockton. In the afternoon the great mass-meeting for men only was led by H. J. McCoy of San Francisco, and the farewell exercises in the Masonic Music Hall by John L. Spears of Sacramento. In an unbroken circle about the large auditorium, hands joined, the delegates sang, "Blest be the Tie That Binds," and President Collins declared the thirteenth Annual State Convention adjourned sine die, to meet next year at the "City of the Angels."

"I give unto you eternal life."

Religious News.

PACIFIC COAST.

In the absence of Rev. O. P. Emerson at the last Monday Club, owing to his non-arrival from the East, Mr. J. B. Atherton of Honolulu came to our help, and talked wisely and reliably of the present condition of Hawaii. Mr. Atherton is a member of our church at Honolulu, and has resided for over thirty years on the Islands. He has large interests there, and has held high positions under the Government. He is a man of peace, but is firmly of the opinion that the reign of the deposed queen is ended forever. She ended it by her own bad acts. The good people of the Islands arose in their might and deposed her. He emphatically denied that the officers and soldiers of the United States Government did it. They kept the peace, and protected American interests.

Rev. D. W. Larned, on his way back to Japan, where he first went eighteen years ago, was also present and made an interesting address. Eighteen years ago there were three Congregational churches in that country with seventy members; now there are 100 churches with about 12,000 members. The work has brought many young men into the fold, and there is a large number of native preachers. There are some unfavorable features in the work, so that Mr. Larned goes back with more anxiety now than when he first went. Our prayers are requested and are due for these faithful Christian missionaries. Mr. Larned is a professor in the Doshisha University.

Professor C. B. Sumner of Pomona College told us of the prosperity and wants of that Christian college, with its able band of professors and students. There are pressing financial demands upon the institution at this time for running expenses. Professor Sumner is this way seeking for needed aid. The larger burden is borne by the people in the Southern part of the State; but we must lift with them. We are glad to state that the Professor is receiving encouragement and we think will soon secure the amount which he is after now. Help him, all who can.

Rev. Samuel Slocombe of San Luis Obispo county will address the Club next Monday on "Ruskin as a Moral Force."

Rev. C. B. Sumner preached in Olivet church in this city Sunday morning. He preceded Pastor H. H. Cole in his former charge in Tucson, Arizona, and he speaks well of Brother Cole's work there as well as here.

Pastor J. K. McLean's subject in the First church, Oakland, was "Shamgar, the Man of Opportunity." Assistant Pastor Rader's subject in the evening was "Evolution."

Rev. Mahlon Willett of Spokane preached in Pilgrim church last Sabbath, and will supply again next Sabbath.

On Tuesday evening week Rev. Wm. Rader delivered a most interesting lecture on "Love, Courtship, and Marriage" in the Fourth church. In this church last Sunday Pastor J. B. Eddie had two baptisms. In the evening there was the second of a series of song services.

Rev. J. D. Foster reports unusually large congregations and Sunday-school in Lorin.

Rev. Walter Frear addressed our people in Benicia, in the morning on "The Work of the American Board." At night, his theme was "Hawaii." We had with us last Sabbath at Niles, and Mission San Jose, Brother Alfred Bailey, and the hour was well spent in listening to his story of missionary work in India. He did it so well that it is but our joy to recommend him to all our churches. Yes, brethren, ask him to fill your pulpits, and your people will learn how the other half of the world is living. His address was touching, and most of us felt that our sacrifices are comparatively little when we hear what others have done to earn the crown.

"Must we be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?"

F. H. MAAR.

Eight adults have recently been added to the church at Tulare, of whom three on confession. Two were baptized, and also two infants baptized, one of which was the pastor's little daughter. The church has been repaired, new carpet purchased, a beautiful pulpit scarf made by the ladies, and other smaller repairs. A new pulpit will soon be added also.

Rev. Ben. F. Sargent is preaching a series of twelve Sunday evening sermons to the professions represented in Santa Rosa; they are largely attended, and followed by after-meetings. Some of the classes especially invited are teachers, merchants, railroad men, doctors and lawyers.

Mrs. John Currie has "come over to help us," and will remain some weeks in Rio Vista church.

Rev. A. S. McLellan writes: "We are here at Etta doing just what we can in our way; have just wound up the day's work with a Christian Endeavor organization meeting. There were

about fifty who came together for the purpose of organizing. We had an Endeavor prayer-meeting and elected officers, who have called a meeting for next Sunday night to complete the organization, appoint committees, etc. I find myself sleepy and tired. I superintended a Sunday-school from 10 to 11, and taught a class; preaching service from 11 to 12; drove ten miles, preaching service from 3 to 4, and returned ten miles and held a Christian Endeavor service, which means four hours of talking, singing and praying."

Nov. 12, 1893.
Rev. Loyal L. Wirt visited his Sunday-school at Boutier, near Sacramento, last Sunday morning, and organized another school at Mayhews, a neighboring station on the railroad, in the afternoon. These two Sunday-schools constitute the only religious work now being done anywhere between Sacramento and Folsom. The people in these neighborhoods are very anxious not to be left longer without stated visits from some minister, and make generous promises of support.

Rev. W. H. Cooke has visited and arranged for a Sunday-school in a community near Rocklin. He reports our brother, Rev. E. D. Haven, seriously ill, and unable to preach last Sunday, so that his coming seemed to be providential.

Our church at Moreno confessed five by letter and three on confession at their last communion.

EASTERN.

So far as can be ascertained, Captain George Bartlett of the Third church, Guilford, Conn., had been absent from church but one Sunday in seventy-two years; then on account of the death of a neighbor. He joined the church choir when eleven years old, and the church at twenty-three, and died aged ninety-five. He never had a physician until stricken with apoplexy, which ended his life. All of his children are members of the church.

The First church, Middletown, Conn., observed its two hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary November 5th. This was the seventeenth church organized in the colony. It has had ten ministers and five houses of worship.

Plymouth church, Fort Wayne, has erected a fine new house of worship, covering ground 65x144 feet. This house was dedicated with several meetings, November 5th to 8th, which drew large audiences.

Dr. J. W. Chapman is holding revival services in Springfield, Mo., where seventeen churches unite in holding meetings under his direction.

A new house of worship was dedicated, November 5th, at Whiting, Neb., to the great joy of the people.

Twenty-five united with the church at Plattville, Wis., November 12th. Twenty of these were on confession.

The State Convention of Christian Endeavor lately held at Hartford had 2,190 delegates.

COUNCIL AT DOUGHERTY STATION.

Rev. W. W. Madge was elected Moderator, and Rev. F. Maar, Scribe. At roll call the following churches were represented: First church, Oakland; First church, Alameda; Niles church; Sunol church; Petaluma church. Revs. L. L. Wirt and J. K. Harrison were also present. The Word of God was read by the Moderator, and prayer was offered by Rev. William Rader. "Trusting Jesus, That is All," was sung. Having been brought right to God by those few moments of devotion, the council proceeded to its purpose. The clerk of the new church read the minutes of the different meetings relating to the organization of the church; also the confession of faith, covenant and constitution adopted. These were all clearly stated, and after but a few questions, the council voted to be by itself. It was voted that the church which has called us be acknowledged as a sister church of the Congregational body, and that the efforts in the organization, and the businesslike manner in which the records have been kept, be highly recommended; and but a few changes in their constitution were suggested.

Brothers Wirt, Burbeck and Madge were appointed a committee to meet with the committee of the church to arrange a program for the exercises pertaining to the recognition of the church. Their report was accepted, and the program adopted. The council voted a recess till 1:30, during which time we were bidden to a table laden with the products of the beautiful valley in which this new church is to stand as a monument to God's glory; and if the members will wait upon him and his cause as eagerly and lovingly as they attended to us, the cause of Christ will not suffer in that place. At the appointed hour the council resumed its work. The exercises were opened by the singing of a hymn, after which the Scripture was read by Rev. L. L. Wirt. Prayer was offered by Mr. George Burbeck. The Moderator expressed to the people the decision of the council, our joy to extend the hand of fellowship, and our thanks for the cordial welcome. Another hymn was sung, and an excellent sermon was preached by Rev. W. W. Souder, a sermon which certainly should have

touched every heart. The right hand of fellowship was given by Rev. J. K. Harrison, and the prayer of recognition was offered by Rev. J. H. Strong. Rev. L. L. Wirt then sang—"Well wife, I've found the model church." Rev. William Rader gave the charge to the church, after which we all joined in singing—"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

We left Dougherty Station feeling that the new church will ever hold up the banner of the cross, and that our gathering there will be of mutual benefit.
F. H. MAAR, Scribe.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, DEC. 3D.
JAMES I: 16-27.

Grateful Obedience.

BY REV. WALLACE SMITH.

Golden Text.—"We love him because He first loved us." (1 John iv: 19.)

Among the apostles of our Lord there were two who bore the name prefixed to this epistle. One called James, the elder, the son of Zebedee, who had been called to become an apostle by our Lord, along with his brother John, while they were mending their nets by the shore of the sea of Galilee (Matt. iv: 21). The other, James, was called the son of Alphaeus, and brother of our Lord, who occupied, in his latter years, the office of head, or bishop, of the Christian Church at Jerusalem.

This latter was also surnamed the Just, "because he was much esteemed by many for his virtue." May it not have been because of this, too, that he was put to a violent death in the year 62 A. D., by the Jews, at the instigation of Herod; for a just man is a living protest against the sin and wickedness of others? It is needless, however, as it would be almost endless, to enter upon any argument as to which of these two apostles wrote this general epistle. The most erudite scholars can only give an opinion in the matter. But if the authorship be uncertain, of this we may be certain, that this James was "a servant of God, and of the Lord Jesus Christ." (V. 1.)

One thing strikes us forcibly in this epistle—the deep earnestness of the writer. There is no extended formal greeting, no assertions regarding his call to be an apostle. One sentence disposes of that matter once for all. But he is a "servant of God," and, as such, he sets about doing his duty. We have here the eagerness of a man who realizes that life is short, and death is certain; here, to-day, away to-morrow. Rather abruptly he begins with assuming the faith of his readers, and from that proceeds to draw the value of afflictions or temptations for the purpose of strengthening that faith, just in the same way as one might prove that trees exposed to boisterous tempests are harder and stronger rooted. It is the grass that withereth early; the flower soon fadeth; so untried faith is apt to be ephemeral.

I. *The Perfect Giver.* (Vs. 16-18.) When the heart is aching under the scourge of affliction, how often do hard thoughts about God's goodness well up within the breast, and we are apt to think that temptations, which are the product of an evil nature, are sent by God; but, "Do not err, my beloved brethren!" Rash judgments are wrong judgments. God is good. It is in his heart that all the mercy we need dwells; it is from his hand that all the good gifts come that gladden and enrich us most. The evil around arises from our own corrupt nature, and the working of sin. It is God's will that we should live, and live eternally, but we are so apt to make our covenant with sin, and our agreement with the powers of darkness. He is "the Father of light." At his approach darkness flees, and with it all sin. He is the glorious center, and the unfailing source of all that is good in the works of his hands, and of all that is pure in the hearts of his creatures—"no variableness, nor shadow of a turning." As the sun is in the heavens, and all the earth is made light and warm by it, so God fills all space and enriches the world. But the sun in the heavens passes the meridian, and immediately there is a shadow of a turning; the shadows all point the other way. Not so God. He is without change—"the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." And as to his goodness, "of his own will he begat us with the word of truth." God did not require the world of man to glorify him, and enjoy him forever. But a perfectly loving and good God out of his loving nature created us, that he might pour out his love upon us. Are we grateful to him for this? Then let us show it in our—

II. *Grateful Obedience.* (Vs. 19-24.) There may be a slavish obedience that is born of fear, but this of which the apostle speaks is born of love, and, therefore, he points out the causes that should inspire our gratitude, and counsel us to be "swift to hear," eager to catch the first word of command; and impelled with love for him who enjoins us, to speed to execute. There is no wish, as indeed there is no time to debate. He whom we obey is the only good and wise God. Now, what are the injunctions, or orders, so to speak? It might seem unnecessary to enumerate them, but they are the whole law of God, as set forth in the precepts of the prophets, the ten commandments, and the matchless teaching of the sermon on the mount. The truth is Christ has given us a new commandment, which, if we were only swift to hear, the world would be speedily transformed—that is, to "love one another as he has loved us"; "that ye love one another as I have loved you" (John xiii: 34). "Slow to speak": James knew the mischief the tongue was capable of. No doubt, he had experienced some of its stings. The Jews persecuted him, as they had the Lord. But he also knew that we are too apt to speak foolishly or unthinkingly. Do we always remember the Lord's saying, that for every idle word that men shall utter, they must one day give an account. Oh, we cannot too strongly impress this awful fact upon the minds of the young! "Slow to wrath": It was good advice that, to count twenty before speaking in anger. The apostle here supersedes it. This advice is to be slow to begin to be angry. Wrath is of such a nature that it must do something hasty. The moment it begins to "go slow," it is in danger of dying out; "cooling down" we call it. Now, when such precepts

are followed, "all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness" are laid aside easily, and room is made for the ingrafted word, which is able to save our souls. See how the salvation of the soul is the constant thought "in the apostolic mind. It comes up in all their teachings as if unconsciously. It is the end of all their labors. The contract between the "doer" and the "hearer only" is a very expressive one. A man sees himself in a mirror, and so long as he looks therein he knows how he looks; but turning away into the world the reflected image gets strangely altered. The mind begins to fill up the blank, and, instead of the exact image he saw in the glass, his imaginative eye beholds such an one as he wants himself to be. He has a picture, an ideal, in his mind, not the true likeness. He thinks himself not such a sinner after all. He palliates his offences. The offender we see ourselves as reflected in the mirror of God's Word, the better for us.

III. *The Perfect Law.* (V. 25.) In contradiction to this mere passing attention, we have placed before us the careful, reverent study of the sacred Word of God. "Whoso looketh": Literally, the phrase signifies the attitude of one who stands beside an object, and, bending over it, examines it minutely. Under such careful examination, the mind can not but be deeply impressed, especially as "the perfect law of liberty," which is, under scrutiny, is the gospel of Christ. The Psalmist sang "God's law is perfect"; and here the Christian apostle centuries after takes up the refrain, and, with his fuller and more heart-stirring and soul-inspiring knowledge of God's dealings, can not only reiterate the perfection of that law, but can add of his own experience that the man who remaineth in the study of that law is "blessed." Oh, the happiness of the man who meditates on God's law day and night! (Psalm 1.) How singularly corroborative one passage of Scripture is of another. Whenever God's law is studied so as to abide in it, in its observance, there follows, as a natural result, the happiness of the doer. That law to us means the leading and guidance of the gospel; and the gospel is applied by the Spirit, and where the Spirit is there is liberty.

IV. *The Pure Religion.* (V. 26-27.) Some one has said that it only required God and one man as necessary conditions for establishing a religion; but that it required God and two or more men to make it possible to have the Christian religion. And the reason is that religion represents the sum of our duties to God and our relation to him, while Christianity involves not only our relation to God, but toward our fellowmen. And these verses show us the true criterion of religion. If we follow this religion, we cannot close ourselves up in a cloister, and meditate upon sacred things; we must go out and succor the sick, help the needy, relieve the distressed, combat with sin and Satan for the purpose of rescuing the perishing, and, amid it all, to remain clean in character. We have here defined the duty we owe to our fellow-creatures, and the duty we owe to ourselves. Be in the world, but not of the world. Perhaps the term here translated "religion" had better been "piety," for the former word has become too closely identified with mere observances, while the latter is a habit of the soul.

MARRIED.

PERKS—WAIT.—In Oakland, November 14, 1893, by Rev. George Moar, Rev. Harry Perks of Corralitos and Mary Elinor Wait, recently of England.

BARANDAN—TAYLOR.—At Etna, Siakiu county, Cal., November 11, 1893, by Rev. A. S. McLellan, Miss Flora B. Taylor and John Barandan, both residents of Callahans.

BORN.

NICHOLSON.—To the wife of John J. Nicholson a son.

A THIMBLEFUL OF FACT

Weights More than a Painful of Theory.

Everybody knows that the

"DOMESTIC"
THE LIGHT RUNNING

Is pre-eminently the Sewing Machine for family use.

Send for price-list to

J. W. EVANS,

29 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO

SAN FRANCISCO LAUNDRY

OFFICE: 33 GEARY ST.

TELEPHONE 5125.

S. F. BUFFORD, Manager

W. H. TILTON. JAS. CARROLL.

CARROLL & TILTON

DEALERS IN

GENTLEMEN'S & BOYS' CLOTHING

FURNISHING GOODS, HATS,

CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES.

873 Market Street

Three doors east from Fifth St., San Francisco.

Geneva (Lithia) Mineral Water.

A Tonic Regulator and Alternative. Has cured indigestion, nervous depression, nervous debility, sick headache, piles, constipation, gravel, rheumatism, catarrh of the bladder, liver difficulties, inflammation of the bladder, skin diseases. You are invited to call at our office and see the water.

125 MONTGOMERY ST., 100-110 San Francisco.

Publishers' Department

Entered at the Postoffice at San Francisco as second-class matter.

FOR INSOMNIA
USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
Dr. W. R. Bullard, Helena, Montana, says: "I used it for a patient who had been troubled with insomnia, and with good effect. I have used it in my practice ever since it has been for sale, and it has never disappointed me. In this altitude its effects are particularly good."

GREAT CENTRAL ROUTE EXCURSIONS.—Tourist cars, personally conducted, every Thursday through to New York, Boston, and all Eastern points, commencing April 25th. Every Tuesday and every Thursday to Chicago. Call on or address F. E. Shearer, Manager, 1 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

Ladies, call at the Wonder Hat, Flower and Feather Store, 1024, 1026 and 1028 Market street. New Hats, new feathers. Low prices.

GOLDEN RULE BAZAAR
READY FOR CHRISTMAS
OLD SANTA IS HERE.
HIS HEADQUARTERS.

BRING THE CHILDREN TO SEE SANTA CLAUS IN THE MORNING
A GRAND STOCK OF HOLIDAY GOODS
Everything You Want at the Right Prices.
DAVIS BROTHERS.
718 MARKET ST. AND 1234 MARKET ST.

NATIONAL Bichloride of Gold Company.
FOR THE CURE OF THE LIQUOR, MORPHINE AND TOBACCO HABITS.

SAN FRANCISCO BRANCH: Murphy Building, 1286 Market Street.

This Cure is endorsed by Miss Willard of W. C. T. U. fame, as well as by many ministers and physicians of national repute. It is the best, most pleasant and easiest cure of any known. Very little interruption to business. Time to cure, three to four weeks. For further information, terms, etc., address

DR. F. C. COOK,

Rooms 55 and 59, Murphy Building, San Francisco.

Early Orders Save Late Regrets.

—YOU—

Will Want Thanksgiving Turkey

And Suitable Accessories.

By ordering from

SMITH'S CASH STORE

You will be sure to have the choice and get your dinner at lowest possible price. You should also order all your Home Supplies from

SMITH'S CASH STORE

Catalogue Free. 416-418 Front St., S. F.

FOR SALE

A tent in good condition. Size 21x30. Now in use by the Congregational church in Sausalito.

For particulars, price, etc., apply to

CHAS. BURREY,

1014 Market St., Sausalito.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC FREE

For Christmas and Sunday-Schools

Address, The Solo Music Co., La Fayette, Ind.

FIRST PRIZE

The GUNN Combination Folding Bed has been awarded the highest possible prize at the

WORLD'S FAIR

Over all the competitors in the United States.

To be seen and bought ONLY of the

CALIFORNIA FURNITURE COMPANY:
(N. P. JOLE & CO.)
117-123 Geary St. - San Francisco

Send for our catalogue. You ought to have it in your home.

INCORPORATED A. D. 1890.
AMERICA'S LARGEST INSURANCE COMPANY
Cash Assets - \$10,915,899.68



Losses paid in 70 years, \$70,333,000

GEO. C. BOARDMAN, General Agent.

THOMAS E. POPE, Assistant General Agent.

JOHN RUSSELL, City Surveyor.

PACIFIC BRANCH: 524 California Street

HEADQUARTERS

FOR

PIANOS

AND

ORGANS

LOW PRICES AND EASY TERMS.

KOHLER & CHASE

36, 38 & 40 O'Farrell St.

Largest stock, oldest Music House. Satisfaction guaranteed.

OCCIDENTAL

HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO.

W. B. HOOPER, - - Lessee.

A Quiet House for Families.

SPOOL SILK.

IF YOU WANT PERFECT SATISFACTION, USE

Carlson Currier Co's

Spool Silk, and help to sustain the only industry of its kind on the Pacific Coast.

6 & 8 Market St., San Francisco

STEARNS

Celebrated Cough Candy. Sure cure in almost every case. Nothing like it. Works like a charm.

Stearns' Candy Kitchen:

1006 MARKET ST., opp. Fifth St.

PACIFIC COAST HEADQUARTERS

Congregational Sunday-school

and Publishing Society

PILGRIM SERIES FOR TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY

735 Market St., San Francisco

GEORGE WALKER, Manager

Young Folks.

A Thanksgiving Feast.

Poor little Honora Mullally,
At the close of the Thanksgiving day,
Was standing in front of her ally,
A-watching some children at play.
Her gown was a wonderful garment,
All patches from shoulder to hem,
And her hat and her shoes—well, I beg you'll
excuse.
Any further remarks about them.
But poor little Honora Mullally
Had a face just as bright as could be,
And no flower in meadow or valley
Was ever as pretty as she.
And so thought an old woman, who, passing,
Stopped a moment to smilingly say,
"Why, bless your dear heart, I am sure you
have had
A very good dinner to-day."
"Yis, indeed," said Honora Mullally,
"I did; for my friend Mrs. Down
Had a hape of sweet-taters that Sally,
Her sister, baked lovely and brown."
"Wid—oh, ma'am, if you could have but seen
it—
The fattest and finest of hins,
And they giv' me the gizzard and neck of that
hin,
And all of the sweet-tater skins!"
—Harper's Young People.

THE SELF-SACRIFICING TURKEY.

There was a baker's dozen of turkeys on the Dunlap place, and father Dunlap had been promising his boys and girls—Otho, Henry, Alice and Helen—that one of them should help to make the Thanksgiving feast—I mean one of the turkeys.
The first of November came, and the thirteen turkeys began to wonder why they were being fed so well. Some of the older ones were a little doubtful as to what the end of all this high living could be. They seemed to have a faint recollection that something dreadful had happened to some of their number a long time before, and just after they had been similarly feasted, too; but the young turkeys grew tame as they grew plump and fat, and looked gratefully and unsuspiciously, with their big black eyes, at the four little Dunlaps who threw the nice, palatable food to them.

When it lacked just a week of Thanksgiving, something very disappointing happened to the children; and when they were out of hearing distance from the house, Otho said to Helen:

"It's just too mean for anything—so there!"

Otho was the oldest, and usually expressed himself first.

"I don't believe I'll feed them another speck," said Helen.

Henry and Alice hadn't thought of such a rebellion, and were throwing out handfuls of parched corn to the turkeys, but very slowly and with solemn faces.

"If I had known what papa was going to do, they wouldn't have been so fat as they are," continued Helen.

"No, sir!" Otho was speaking to his sister, but the "sir" seemed to give emphasis to his speech. He went on: "Then they couldn't have been sold very easily. Oh, I just wish I hadn't got them so nice and plump."

Alice threw out the last handful of corn, and turned thoughtfully to the brother and sister who had been doing the talking while she was working.

"What's the matter with their crops?"

"Whose crops?" asked the big brother, a little scornfully.

"Why, the turkeys, I suppose. Papa said they had failed, so he couldn't save one for ourselves this year."

"Oh, you little goose! He meant the corn, and oats, and such things. Turkey crops! O-ho!"

Alice looked ashamed for having made such a mistake, and having to be laughed at by Otho; but Otho didn't look at all ashamed, when he was just the one who ought to have been ashamed for speaking so roughly to his small sister, who had done nothing wrong in misunderstanding her father's words.

Mr. Dunlap had said in the hearing of the children that morning: "Turkeys are bringing a good price this year, and I think I'd better dispose of them at the price offered by Mack."

"The children will be disappointed, and they're being looking forward so to their roast turkey," said their mother earnestly.

"James, didn't you tell them if they would feed them well, they should choose the one for Thanksgiving?"

It was grandma who spoke, and her voice was stern and reproachful.

"Chicken pie is plenty good enough and better than roast turkey, to my notion. Well, yes, I suppose I did promise them; like as not they've forgotten, though, and crops have failed so this year, I feel as if I must save every dollar."

It was at this point that the children had slipped away to give vent to their shattered hopes.

Forgotten, indeed! There were Alice and Henry out among the turkeys after the older pair of children had gone about their small tasks, and they were going through the form of choosing a turkey for the dinner which had been talked about so long. They had taken delight in doing this for three long weeks, and the habit had become so fixed that it was continued when their expectation was no more. Per-

haps little Henry hadn't yet realized any loss, for he pointed eagerly at the largest of the flock, and shouted: "Oh! I choose that feller! Which do you want, Alice?"

The big bronze gobbler gobbled loudly, and walked majestically away.

"I guess we'd better pick out a smaller one," answered Alice faintly.

She realized how little their plans amounted to now, yet partly to keep up her part of the conversation, and partly from a sense of the greater value of the big turkey, she pointed to a quiet young turkey that was looking up into her face, and said, "There is a good one, and big enough too. Oh, how I wish we could have it! If it wasn't for the crops!"

"If it wasn't for the crops!" echoed Henry, as he started in a chase after the flock that had finished feeding, scattering them widely—all but the young one which had just been chosen by Alice. He looked thoughtfully into her face, and stood on one foot for an instant, then walked around her, and started for his fellows just as she remarked to herself more than to him—

"You would taste nice. Oh, how I wish papa would save you!"

You could never make Alice think that turkey didn't understand what she was talking about, because of something which happened on the following Wednesday. That was the day before Thanksgiving—the day when the market-man was expected to come after the turkeys. It was early in the morning, and Alice was walking out by the garden fence. It was a picket fence, with the pickets long and close together to keep out any chicken or turkey which might be attracted by the early vegetables or late tomatoes. But such things were all gone now, and Alice was gazing sorrowfully at the dry leaves, and frozen cabbages, and green tomatoes which had been left out too late.

She stopped, and pushed her hood up a little on her forehead; she thought she saw something unusual near the top of the fence. Could it be? Yes it was a turkey, with its head caught between two of the pickets. She drew off her little red mittens, and hurried to its rescue. It was too heavy for her to lift to where the pickets spread apart—where the head had been trapped; but the long legs were jerking spasmodically, and she knew it was suffering, so off she set to the house.

"Otho! Come quick, and help get the turkey out, please!"

"Get the turkey out of where? You do act the queerest!"

But Otho hurried while he was criticizing, and soon, not only Otho and Alice, but Helen and grandma, were standing by the turkey that had hung itself.

"It's the same one!" said Alice, examining it with wonder in her blue eyes.

"The same as what, child?" asked grandma.

"I should hope it was the same one you saw before you came into the house after us. One turkey is enough to hang itself in one day," remarked Helen.

"It's the same turkey I chose for Thanksgiving, and he heard me, and to-morrow is Thanksgiving. How strange!"

"Oh, you silly!" Of course it was Otho who spoke; but grandma smiled as she tried to explain the probable cause of the accident.

"He tried to reach that holly-hock seed growing by the box. He must have gotten on the box, and then jumped the wrong way and lost his footing."

But Alice persisted: "He, nor any other turkey ever got hung before, and the box and the seed have been there all the time."

Papa Dunlap cut off the unfortunate fowl's head, and mamma declared that they could have their roast turkey after all.

Helen whispered to Otho: "Papa don't seem to feel very bad about it after all. I believe I'm glad we did feed the turkeys so well."

I think Mr. Dunlap was pleased that the affair turned out just as it did; he smiled as he turned the bird around and examined it on all sides, and remarked, "You are the first turkey I ever heard of that knew what it was made for."

And then Alice believed more than ever that the dead turkey before her knew in some way how very much she was going to be disappointed, and probably didn't care about living any longer, anyway.

After the grown folks had talked about the strange death by hanging, and had shown their surprise at Alice's encounter with the same turkey the week before, Otho and Helen felt some respect for their small sister springing up in their hearts, and it was a whole week before Otho called her a goose or a silly thing again.

Mr. Dunlap made up his mind that he never again would depend upon a turkey to help him keep his promises to his children, when he found how much they enjoyed their fulfillment through the intervention of the self-sacrificing turkey. —Episcopal Methodist.

Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin-pie!

—L. M. Child.

FIVE GRAINS OF CORN.

The pleasant custom of beginning a Thanksgiving feast by laying five kernels of corn upon the plate of each person at the table, in commemoration of the time when the Pilgrim founders of New England had but five grains of corn each day to eat, serves, so far as it is observed, a double purpose.

It must, in the first place, render the mere physical enjoyment of a festival keener to perceive the plain contrast between the fare of those hard days of the past and the plenty of the present. A little nibble at the hard kernels of corn, with a momentary attempt to fancy that this is all one is to have, gives an added zest to roast turkey, cranberry sauce, mince and pumpkin pies, and things of that sort.

But the custom may also bring to mind the real meaning of the Thanksgiving festival. It expresses the conviction that affliction, adversity, privation are merely trials of our character as a nation and as individuals.

Sometimes it happens that a Thanksgiving seems almost inappropriate. There has been great personal loss, or some public calamity; a pestilence may have carried off thousands, or the times have been hard for the people.

But these things are the five grains of corn upon the plate; all may be sure that the account will be much more than righted; that our debt will be much greater than that all our thanks can pay, our table more beautifully spread than we deserve. —Youth's Companion.

WHAT MADE BABY CROSS.

"Mamma, I wish you would call the baby in; he is so cross we cannot play," cried Robert to his mamma one day, as he was playing in the garden with his sister and the baby.

"I do not think he would be cross if you were not cross to him," said mamma, coming out. "He does just as he sees you do. Just try him and see. Put your hat on one side of your head."

Robbie did so, and presently the baby pushed his straw hat over on one side of his head.

"Whistle," said mamma. Robbie did, and baby began to try to whistle, too.

"Stop mocking me," said Robbie, giving baby a push. Baby screamed and pushed Robbie back.

"There, you see," said his mother, "the baby does just as you do. Kiss him now, and you will see how quickly he will follow your example."

Robbie did not feel exactly like doing this, but he did, and the baby kissed and hugged him back very warmly.

"Now, you see," said his mother, "you can make a cross baby or a good baby of your little brother, just which you choose. But you must teach him yourself." Remember this lesson, young readers! —Selected.

A BOY'S WORTH.

If you want to find out what a boy is worth, go and ask his mother. By the time she goes into the jaws of death to give him birth, and then puts into him her days of love and her nights of ease, and he stands before her strong, and clean, and tall, at twenty-one, she can tell you what he is worth from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet; and when the legalized drams-shop takes hold of him, tears him down fibre by fibre, and puts oaths on the lips she used to kiss, and crushes out his mother's hopes, it is no wonder she makes outcry. If you want to know what home is worth, go and ask a loving woman who has kept herself as pure as lilies for her marriage day when, with a great shine in her eyes, she puts herself over into the hands of one man, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, until life's end. And when the drams-shop with its fearful curse crosses the threshold of the home they build together, and takes down her strong tower of hope, stone by stone, and degrades the father of her children, it is no wonder she makes outcry.

WHAT A YOUNG MAN CAN DO.

It is a very common error to suppose that the temperance cause has relation only to those who have been made wretched by drink, and that temperance workers are of little account unless they have been drunkards.

The fact is that the influence of a young man who in cool blood chooses the right, on the bare-hand sense of it, is many fold greater on boys and men of his own age than is that of a man who having gone through the saloon and "got the worst of it," comes out against drink.

It is a splendid thing to be saved from drunkenness, but infinitely more splendid to have been clean always. The men who lead in all professions, who weather the panics and fires and floods in mercantile pursuits, who sway the world by voice and pen, are, as a rule, those who have been clean from boyhood; and if a redeemed drunkard sometimes makes his mark in the world, it is a mark much lower than he could have made under conditions of abstinence from the beginning. Sometimes a rescued drunkard prizes opportunity more, and

works harder than he would have done otherwise, but in the whole range of silliness the climacteric impulse is the young man who thinks it "smart" to drink. So, then, I should say a young man can do everything for the temperance cause.

On the political side the temperance cause is a young man's affair; old men will not change easily; their eyes are to the rear. If the question of prohibition were now presented to the Christian men of America as a new thing unentangled with party loyalty, prejudice and habit, every man of them would be an ultra-Prohibitionist. As Democrats and Republicans, they have drifted into license and other dilatory policies as a result of the view of real merit, and now they will drift on to the end, captive to a name, a tradition or a theory. If I were a young man I would keep clean, and that is the first thing for any man to do for any cause. Paul did his best for Timothy when he wrote to him, "Keep thyself pure." —John G. Woolley in Best Islander.

USES OF OIL.

The National Museum's collection of oil is very remarkable. There is oil from the nose of the pilot whale, which will not freeze at zero Fahrenheit, and oil from the forelegs of the crocodile, which will freeze where ice melts. The latter is a particularly fine leather dressing.

Oil from the fat that lies beneath the turtle's upper shell is recommended for rheumatism, while the oil fried out from the entrails of the eel is said to be good for deafness. The natives of Ecuador make an oil from the fat of a bird called "guacharo," which they consider equal to olive oil for table use.

In Central America the people obtain a golden oil that is unequalled for waterproofing purposes, from an insect about the size of a rosebug, which yields two-thirds of its own weight in this peculiar grease.

The insect called "nini" feeds on the sap of a resinous plant, to which it clings by its long beak, giving the plant the appearance of having been driven full of queer-looking ticks. When the bugs are thickest, they are scraped off and boiled. —Methodist Protestant.

Every part of postage-stamp making is done by hand. The designs are engraved on steel, two hundred stamps on a single plate. These plates are inked by two men, and then are printed by a girl and a man on a large handpress. They are dried as fast as printed, and then gummed with a starch paste made from potatoes. This paste is dried by placing the sheets in a steam-fanning machine, and then the stamps are subject to a pressure of 2,000 tons in a hydraulic press. Next, the sheets are cut so that each one contains one hundred stamps, after which the paper between the stamps is perforated, and after being pressed the sheets are filed away. If a single stamp is injured the whole sheet is burned. —St. Paul Pioneer Press.

When a young man habitually speaks slightly of women, one may feel reasonably sure that a moral blight rests upon his own character. A scathing rebuke was once conveyed to a man of this class, who, at a public dinner at which no ladies were present, was called upon to respond to the toast, "Woman." He dwelt almost entirely upon the frailties of the sex, claiming that the best among them are little better than the worst, the chief difference being in their surroundings. At the conclusion of his speech, one of the guests arose and said: "I trust the gentleman, in the application of his remarks, refers to his own mother and sisters, not to ours." —Congregationalist.

"I wonder," said old Mrs. Jason, as she watched the gang of political street-cleaners at their "work"—"I wonder if them is the campaign mud-slingers that I read about so much in the papers?" —Indianapolis Journal.

Wright: "Those are pretty tough-looking patent leather shoes you have on." Garner: "They were all right originally, but the patent has expired." —Truth.

American little girl to her mamma: "What is a dead letter, please?" Mamma: "One that has been given to your father to post." —London News.

CHILDREN who are puny, pale, weak, or scrofulous, ought to take Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That builds up both their flesh and their strength. For this, and for purifying the blood, there's nothing in all medicine that can equal the "Discovery."

In recovering from "Grippe," or in convalescence from pneumonia, fever, or other wasting disease, it speedsily and surely invigorates and builds up the whole system. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it sets at work all the processes of digestion and nutrition, rouses every organ into natural action, and brings back health and strength.

For all diseases caused by a torpid liver or impure blood, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Scrofulous, Skin, and Scalp Diseases—even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages—the "Discovery" is the only guaranteed remedy.

If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

Dr. J. C. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, 153 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

An Iowa editor says: "We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend W. for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly two inches in diameter."

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

We buy lamp-chimneys by the dozen; they go on snapping and popping and flying in pieces; and we go on buying the very same chimneys year after year.

Our dealer is willing to sell us a chimney a week for every lamp we burn.

Macbeth's "pearl top" and "pearl glass" do not break from heat; they are made of tough glass. Try them.

Pittsburgh. GEO. A. MACBETH CO.

The Best

SAVINGS BANK

In the World is a

Home of Your Own

Why not deposit your savings in a desirable lot, and be acquiring a home?

Good lots in "Beautiful Berkeley" for \$350 and upwards, according to location and size.

Delightful climate, magnificent scenery, unequalled schools and easy payment.

Only 5 cents fare to Oakland, 10 to San Francisco, or 5 cents by commute. If you wish to insure, make a loan, buy or sell property in Berkeley or elsewhere, apply to

O. G. MAY, BERKELEY.

OFFICE: With Warren Cheney, opposite station, Berkeley.

RESIDENCE: Corner of Daley and Euclid avenues, near the Observatory.

KEELEY INSTITUTE.

Los Gatos, Cal. O. N. HAMSEY, Manager

The only authorized branch in Northern California of the world renowned Keeley Institute of Dwight, Ill., for the treatment of Liquor, Opium, Tobacco and certain Nervous Diseases.

Parties in San Francisco can obtain information by calling on or addressing

PEER TIFFANY, City Agent, Room 37, Academy of Sciences Building, 819 Market St.

Just : Published

A fine, large lithographic view of San Francisco in 1893 for 75c. Sent postpaid to any portion of the world for \$1. We also have a fine selected stock of photographs of the City and State at \$1.75 per dozen; and albums and views from 25c up. Maps and guide books.

C. BEACH

107 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

W. R. SUMMERHAYES, Watchmaker and Jeweler, No. 4 SIXTH STREET, S. F. Near Market St.

Watches cleaned, \$1; Man Springs, \$1. All work warranted. Fine watch and jewelry repairing a specialty.

Church Furniture.

ASSEMBLY CHAIRS, SCHOOL and OFFICE FURNITURE

ANDREWS' Folding Bed.

C. F. WEBER & CO., A. H. Andrews & Co. Union Club Bldg, Post & Stockton Sts. San Francisco.

And 229 Second St., Portland, Or.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & PEALS

PUREST BELL METAL, COPPER AND BRASS, and for Price and Catalogue, MCHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826 BELLS

HAVE FURNISHED 35,000 CHURCH BELL, SCHOOL & OTHER BELL METAL, COPPER AND BRASS, and for Price and Catalogue, MCHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

THE BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY

THE VALLEY & TIT CO., Best Bell Metal, and for Price and Catalogue, MCHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

CHURCH BELLS, PAIRS AND SINGLES, and for Price and Catalogue, MCHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

and for Price and Catalogue, MCHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

and for Price and Catalogue, MCHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

and for Price and Catalogue, MCHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

and for Price and Catalogue, MCHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

and for Price and Catalogue, MCHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

and for Price and Catalogue, MCHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

NEW ENGLAND SOAP COMPANY

FISHBROOK & GLOUTZ, Proprietors, 307 SACRAMENTO STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



Manufacturers of Laundry and Toilet Soaps. Our celebrated Queen Lily Soap has now been on the market for twenty-three years. It recommends itself for washing lilies, window curtains, flannel goods—in fact, for anything valuable it has no equal, give it a trial, if you have not done so already.

TUBBS

Cordage Company

(Founded in 1856. Incorporated April, 1889.) MANUFACTURERS OF ALL SIZES OF

MANILA AND SISAL ROPE BINDER TWINE, DRILLING CABLES, WHALE LINE.

Directors—A. L. Tubbs, President; Hiram Tubbs, Vice-President; Alfred S. Tubbs, Treasurer; Austin C. Tubbs; Herman A. Tubbs. Chas. W. Kellogg, Secretary.

Nos. 611 and 613 Front Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

FOR A KIT OF DELICIOUS MACKEREL, OR A PACKAGE OF FINE OLIVES, OR AN ASSORTMENT OF PURE SPICES AND FINE GROCERIES

CALL ON

S. FOSTER & CO.

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE GROCERS

26 and 28 California Street SAN FRANCISCO.

PATENTS

Obtained, and all PATENT BUSINESS attended to for MODERATE FEES. Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain Patents in less time than those remote from WASHINGTON. Send MODEL, DRAWING or PHOTO of invention. We advise as to patentability free of charge and we make NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.

For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State, County, City or Town, write to

C. A. SNOW & CO. Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

MINERAL LAND AGENCY.

Academy of Sciences Building, 819 MARKET STREET, ROOM 45. SAN FRANCISCO.

G. L. BROWN, Manager

W. W. CHASE & CO. Commission, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

HAY AND GRAIN

AT OLD STAND, 1913 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

Home Circle.

Thanksgiving Day.

BY EPIPHANUS WILSON.

He said, "I have no thanksgiving to yield; My days are dark, my labors long." "Hast thou not seen, this year, full many a field of golden wheat and red and white And forest glow with verdure, ring with song?" "But winter now is near, the skies are gray—" "Yet hath the earth her fruits bestowed—" "Ah! autumn tells how swift we pass away—" "The shorter then henceforth the toilsome road—" "I have had strokes from death's bereaving hand—" "Yet some remain with smiles of love—" "Gap after gap is rent in friendship's band—" "Larger the host to welcome thee above—" "I am forgotten and neglected here—" "So safer from the clang of strife—" "My name unuttered by Fame's clarion clear—" "See it be written in the Book of Life." —The Churchman.

KATIE GREY'S OUTING.

BY MARTHA C. HAYWARD, CARNS, OR.

(Continued.)

The overland train came slowly, but visibly, up by the long platform in front of the depot at Forest City. Mr. Weston looked in vain among the alighting passengers for the one he sought. As he was turning away, he felt a soft touch upon his arm, and a clear, sweet voice said— "A nurse girl at your service, cousin."

Quickly taking the daintily gloved hand in his grasp, noting in at a glance the details of her appearance, he inquired:

"Do nurse girls usually wear six-button kid gloves, lace straw hats, or Dongola walking boots?"

"You are very observing," she returned, smilingly.

"Such a vision of grace and refinement seldom dawns upon my horizon; but, seriously, it is just awfully good in you to come, Katie."

"I am truly happy in coming," she replied, simply. "Here is the check for my trunk."

"Yes, yes, and I must get it and make a start homeward, for it is late, and we have seven miles to drive. Just step into the waiting-room here a moment."

So speaking, he led her within to a plain bench against the wall, the only seat in view, and disappeared.

He soon returned, accompanied by the freight agent. They bore between them a huge trunk which, with some difficulty, they deposited in the back end of a wagon which stood near the platform.

"These boxes and parcels look as if we were intending to fit up a grocery of our own," he remarked, jocosely, as Katie came to his side; "but we come to town so seldom we must lay in a good supply when here."

"Look out for yourself!" he continued, as he assisted her to climb to the high seat of the farm wagon; "these country roads are rough, at the best, and I'm a good hand at not missing stumps and roots."

"I'm well acquainted with Oregon roads; but a farm wagon is a new vehicle," responded his cousin, merrily; "but I like new experiences."

"You are likely to have enough of them this summer," Mr. Weston was about to remark, but finally concluded to offer no discouragement.

Instead, as they slowly ascended a steep bluff by a wagon road, which had been blasted from its rocky side, he pointed out to his companion the fine view of the busy little city, packed into the two or three hundred feet between bluff and river, the bright "silver river" itself flowing swiftly to meet the larger Columbia, the foam-wreathed falls, the locks, through which the up-river boats must pass on their way to Portland.

When the panting horses had reached the top of the bluff, and were halted for a moment's rest, Katie exclaimed:

"What a grand view of the mountains! Mt. Hood, Mt. Adams, St. Helena, and Jefferson all visible; and yes, there are the Three Sisters!"

"All there!" replied her cousin, smiling at her enthusiasm. "But, come, bonnies," touching them lightly with his whip, "we must be getting on."

As they left the city limits, and came into the country road, Katie noticed the wealth of wild bloom along the way, the clear little brook at the bottom of a deep ravine, the pleasant farms on either hand, which came and went as they passed from clearing to forest, and to clearing again.

A small, low house set back at a distance from the road; on either side fields of nodding grain; behind it the green orchard and thrifty garden, with barn and outbuildings set here and there—all this against a background of sombre fir forest Katie saw, as in the late twilight they approached a small picket gate set in the broad fence nearest the road.

Two pairs of bright eyes peeped through the palings; two pairs of sturdy legs flashed through the gate. Not even the presence of the stranger could hinder the gleeful shout which greeted "papa and the team." "Hurrah, there!" exclaimed that same papa, as he reined in the big horses, "in with you, and there's Sam coming. He'll drive round by the

barn to the back porch. What's for supper, Roddie? I'm hungry as a bear."

"Chicken with cream gravy, and strawberry shortcake," responded Roddie, promptly.

"Pretty good," replied his father, you must have picked berries well to-day. Come cousin," he added, "let me help you down; Hilda and Alice are waiting at the door to give you welcome. Sam will take your trunk round closer to the house."

Mrs. Weston had not seen Katie since the latter was a child, and her first greeting was a little shy and distant; but one look into the tender, brown eyes of her guest melted all formality, and a lasting friendship was sealed with a tender kiss. Even little Alice submitted bravely to a caress.

It would be hard to describe Katie's feelings as she crossed the threshold of that plain home. Was it a thrill of regret and homesickness that caused the sudden faintness and filled her eyes with tears she dared not let fall?

In the tiny bedroom to which she was taken to refresh her toilet all was in spotless order. The odd, short windows, the square home-made stand, the bed, the guileless of drapery, except a little patch-work quilt, were quaint objects of curiosity to the city girl. All was so utterly destitute of any hint of luxury that she felt surprised and pained at the straitened circumstances which these details betrayed.

"I foresee numberless opportunities," she said, under her breath. "We'll see things different before I leave."

But no trace of her surprise or planning appeared as she joined the family at the tea-table.

"The chick'n and buscuit with cream gravy" were delicately prepared. The strawberry short-cake, with fresh cream so tempting, and Katie's appetite so good after the long drive, that the lack of certain table appointments, to which she had always been accustomed, was no hindrance to the enjoyment of the meal. To be sure, the "hired man" was seated directly opposite. He was a manly young fellow, and able to hold his own modestly and with ease in the conversation that arose.

"Where is this young house to be put?" inquired Mr. Weston, a little later, as he appeared at the kitchen door. "Cousin Katie," he continued, "have you come prepared to do execution among our country swain, or to set an example of millinery and dressmaking, that you have brought such a trunkful of woman's gear?"

"Woman's gear is not to be despised, Cousin Will, even in the country; but you will give me credit for more sensible ideas when the contents of my trunk come to the light," returned Katie. "However, do not allow it to intrude upon limited space. It can stand upon the porch."

"No, indeed!" protested Mrs. Weston. "Put it in my room, which Katie will occupy if I go away."

The long twilight of that high latitude still lingered when Katie retired to rest. She lay awake for some time, "listening to the quiet," as she afterward whimsically declared, but in reality schooling herself to feel at home in her new environment.

(To be Continued.)

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS.

FOR THE BABY'S CHRISTMAS.—Nothing prettier or more useful can be made than a creeping-rug. This is usually made on a foundation of coarse Holland, bound with turkey red cotton. One has a center composed of forty squares, five and a half inches in size, crocheted of maize-colored and black zephyr. Any simple stitch may be used, or they may be crocheted in triot. These squares are joined and finished with a border of red wool. This center is laid on a piece of Holland, of suitable size, the edge of which is scattered with objects cut from either plush or velvet, and appliqued in place, or worked with colored wools so as to have a raised effect. If worked with wool, the object must first be padded with wadding. Dogs, cats, mice, pigs, fish, trees, balls, whips, fruits, and flowers, and pictures of little children, may be used as decorations. The rug should be lined with coarse drugget, to give it weight enough to lie flat on the floor, and the edge be finished with a large cord made of zephyrs to match the centers.—Housekeepers' Weekly.

Some people even now have a liking for a pretty cushion that is not large enough to be over-conspicuous in these days when pin trays have superseded the capacious and time-honored pin-cushions that till lately absorbed half the space on a bureau top. No one could grudge the room taken up by a dainty, flower-like cushion, which looks like a large violet-hued pansy dropped upon a mat of lace. The flower is three inches in diameter, and worked solidly in satin stitch, in shades of purple and violet, with a little yellow at the heart. The material upon which it is worked is all out away, and the flower laid upon a circle formed by gathering up blonde lace edging till it lies smoothly in that form. The lace is supported by a pale green silk piece of circular shape, to which is fastened a full edge of loops made of pearl-

edged baby-ribbon of green like the silk, this giving a hint of foliage. The cushion below is a much smaller circle, and so slightly stuffed as hardly to elevate the flower and lace above the table it rests upon.

MR. POTTER'S THANK-OFFERING.

BY KATE S. GATER.

"What am I going to give to the Lord for a thank-offering on Thanksgiving Day?" said Mr. Potter, looking at Mr. Elwell, the new pastor, in amazement. "Not anything, as I know of. I rather calculate I've earned about all I've got, and I don't see any particular sense in making a thank offering for it."

"But," pleaded Mr. Elwell, "don't you want to show your gratitude for the many blessings you have that you could not possibly get for yourself only as they are freely given you by your Heavenly Father?"

"I might, perhaps," was the reply, "if I had any; but I've worked hard all my days, and I guess I have earned all I've got. I'll leave the thank-offering for those who have things put in their laps without lifting their fingers."

"I wonder," thought Mr. Elwell, sadly, as he walked home, "if I cannot in some way help him to realize how much that makes his life prosperous and happy is God's free gift to him?"

"Thank-offering! Humph! I think I see myself making one," was Mr. Potter's inward reflection as he sat down by his own fireside in his big easy-chair, with the paper before him. "There I was, a poor little beggar boy almost, without a cent to my name, and I've worked and scratched and saved until I've gotten enough to be comfortable with, and he wants me to make a thank-offering for it! I'm free to confess I don't see any particular necessity for any such proceeding on my part, and I guess I will omit it until I do."

And Mr. Potter unfolded his paper in a very self-satisfied way. He was what he called a "self-made man," and somehow he had grown to feel almost that he owed nothing to God or man.

Mr. Potter had but one child—a son, Harry—and he was the very apple of his eye. In fact, they were all in all to each other, for the wife and mother had slept in the churchyard for many years. Harry was a bright, lovable boy, and his father's heart was bound up in him. His every thought was for him. He worked hard early and late, he saved and economized, that he might have more for him. He could hardly wait patiently for him to get through his college course and be at home with him.

But to-night, in the middle of the night, the bell rang, and a telegram came—"Harry only just alive." Only four words, but they turned Mr. Potter's heart to stone. His Harry, for whom he had hoped so much, only just alive—perhaps—no, he could not say that! Why, the thought that he could die had never once entered his mind.

He made his preparations and started at once. He would get doctors, the very best, and all there were in the city. Some of them would save—they must. He would pay them anything willingly if only they would save his boy's life. The fast express seemed to crawl; he longed to get out and run—it seemed to him he could get there so much quicker.

He did reach there at last, however, and then he thought the pain before was nothing to what it was now, seeing that still, white face on the pillow.

"Get doctors, all you can find! Tell them I will pay them anything they ask if they will only do something to help him!" he implored.

But the college President shook his head sadly. "Everything has been done that can be done," he said. "He is beyond human help. We will turn to the Great Physician in his behalf, and it shall be well with the child."

Then, even in that moment of supreme anguish, Mr. Potter remembered his pastor's words. Ah! was not this dearly-beloved son a gift of God? He had said there was nothing for which he need make a thank-offering; now it seemed to him if he could only have him well again it would be his constant thought to discover new ways of showing his gratitude.

He dropped on his knees, sobbing like a child.

"O God, forgive me! I do not deserve him; I do not deserve anything; but if it can be thy will, spare my boy to me!"

It was many long hours before there was any change; then there was a ray of hope, and slowly but surely the tiny ray strengthened until the

doctors said: "He has passed the crisis and will live."

Then Mr. Potter went away by himself, feeling, as he had never felt before in his life, utterly worthless and humbled.

"I do not deserve it. O Lord, I know it! I could do nothing myself, but thou hast spared him to me, and I thank thee—from the depths of my heart I thank thee!"

Thanksgiving Day came, bright and clear. Mr. Potter and Harry had reached home the day before, and Mr. Potter appeared at his pastor's door early that morning.

"I couldn't wait any longer. I wanted you to know that my eyes have been opened. I've everything to be thankful for, everything. I see now—why, I couldn't have done a thing only as God gave me everything to do with, and blessed and prospered my efforts. I was puffed up, filled with conceit and ingratitude, but he has dealt tenderly with me, tenderly and mercifully. I tried to think of some suitable thank-offering, but nothing seemed good enough until Harry asked me if he might give his restored life to God's service, and I have given my consent to his going as a missionary. It is the happiest and thankfulest Thanksgiving of my life, even if it does sometimes seem as if my poor old heart would break to part with my boy." —Zion's Herald

Household.

ORANGE CAKE.—Three eggs, one tablespoon of butter, one and a half cups of sugar, two cups of flour, with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted through it, half a cup of rich milk, a very little salt, orange juice, or some extract of lemon. Bake on jelly cake tins. Jelly for Orange Cake.—Take two good oranges, grate a part of the rind of one, then peel and grate them both; remove the seed and add one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water, and scald in a tin pail; set in a kettle of hot water. Take one tablespoonful of corn-starch, mix smooth with a few spoonfuls of water, and stir into the orange, and cook just enough to cook the corn-starch. When nearly or quite cold, beat the whites of two eggs, and add powdered sugar for frosting; leave out a little of this for the top of the cake, if you like, and stir the rest into the orange, and you will have a jelly that will not run off or soak into the cake. —Woman.

We find in Table Talk for November the following menu for Thanksgiving dinner, which, being less elaborate than many others given, we copy, thinking it may be a help to some of our lady readers:

MENU.

Mock Bisque Soup
Boiled Rock, Allemande Sauce
Roast Turkey, Bread Stuffing, Oyster Sauce, Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Potatoes Peas
Lettuce Salad, French Dressing
Wafers Cheese
Mince Pie Pumpkin Pie
Coffee

MOCK BISQUE SOUP.—Take one quart of milk, one pint-can of tomatoes, or one pint of stewed tomatoes, one large tablespoonful of butter, a bay leaf, a sprig of parsley, a blade of mace, one teaspoonful of sugar, a quarter teaspoonful of baking soda, and two tablespoonfuls of flour. Stew the tomatoes with the bay leaf, parsley and mace for fifteen minutes. Put the milk on to boil in a farina boiler; rub the butter and flour together, add the milk when boiling, and stir continually until it thickens. Now press the tomatoes through a sieve, and, if ready to use the soup, add the sugar and tomatoes, and then the boiling milk; stir and serve immediately. It must not go on the fire after mixing the milk with the tomatoes, or it will separate. If you are not ready, let them stand on the fire separately, and mix them when wanted.

One thing gratifying to those who love the Toronto Sabbath is the statement in that book (Rev. William Craft's "No Sabbath for Man") that, after a careful study of the matter, he gives Toronto the palm of the whole world as having the best kept Sabbath, Edinburgh coming next, and the capital of the Island of Madagascar (as our readers will remember, only Christianized about half a century) coming third.

Solomon was esteemed a wise man in his day; but then in Solomon's day no one had ever seen a Harvard Sophomore.

BELMONT SCHOOL.

BELMONT SCHOOL, WITH WHICH HOPKINS' ACADEMY HAS BEEN CONSOLIDATED, situated 25 miles south of San Francisco, prepares for any college or school of science.

It is the only school on the Coast whose graduates are admitted without examination to the University of California in all the subjects of all the courses.

The school is, in addition, accredited in advanced chemistry. It is accredited at Stanford University in all subjects on which certificates are ever accepted, and also at Cornell University.

Twenty scholarships will entitle as many young men of slender means to enjoy the advantages of the school at a moderate cost.

A new and thoroughly equipped gymnasium covering 7,500 square feet; five athletic grounds, all under the direction of the present instructor in physical training at Williams College, himself a graduate of Yale.

Next term opens August 9th. Inspection invited; catalogue on application; references required.

W. T. REID, A.M. (Harvard), Head Master, Belmont, California.

FIELD SEMINARY

1825 Telegraph Ave., Oakland

A BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

THIS SCHOOL

Offers superior advantages to those desiring a thorough education. All departments in charge of specialists. Native teachers in French and German. Special advantages in vocal and instrumental music and in art.

Particular attention given to health, general culture and social training. Buildings inviting and comfortable, grounds ample and attractive.

For circulars address
MRS. W. S. HYDE, Principal.

Hoitt's

OAK GROVE SCHOOL

MILLBRAE, San Mateo Co.

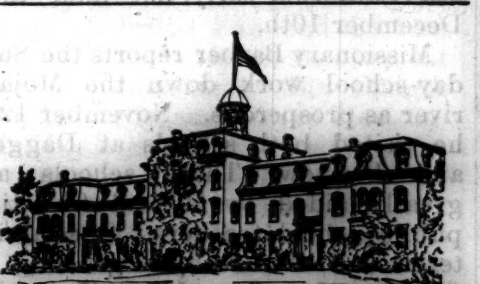
[NUMBER OF PUPILS LIMITED.]

A first-class home school for boys. Beautiful surroundings. Superior instruction. The best of care. Its graduates admitted to the State University or Stanford University without examination. Fall term commences August 1st. Send for catalogue, and mention this paper.

ISA C. HOITT, Ph.D., Master
(Ex-State Supt. Public Instruction.)

PACIFIC
Theological Seminary
OAKLAND

This institution has a fine site on Thirty-fourth street, between Broadway and Telegraph avenues. The 25th year began Sept. 6th. Classical, English, and special courses provided. Open to qualified students of any Christian church; to women as well as men. Five Professors. Enlarged library. The one training-school for the Congregational churches of the Pacific States. Apply to the President or the Secretary of the Faculty.



MILLS COLLEGE AND SEMINARY

THE OLDEST

PROTESTANT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Grants Diplomas and Confers Degrees. Rare Opportunities

Offered in Music. One Hour Ride from San Francisco.

Board and Tuition per Term of Twenty Weeks, \$475.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE TO

MRS. C. T. MILLS, President,

MILLS COLLEGE, P. O., Alameda Co., Cal.

Next Term begins Jan. 10, 1894.

FAIRBANKS SCALES

Coffee Mills, Trucks, Etc.

ALL SIZES.

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO

316 & 318 MARKET STREET, S. F.

For sale by all hardware dealers.

THE SATHER BANKING CO.

INCORPORATED MARCH 21, 1887.

Subscribed Capital.....\$1,250,000

Paid Up.....1,000,000

JAMES K. WILSON.....President

J. L. N. SHEPARD.....Vice-President

J. S. HUTHOLSTON.....Manager

Directors—Albert Miller, J. L. N. Shepard,

F. W. Sumner, W. F. Johnson, O. F. A. Talbot,

Harrie Main, James K. Wilson.

MT. TAMALPAIS

Military Academy

San Rafael, Marin Co.

An "Accredited School" for Boys. Academic Staff composed of university men who have proved themselves efficient teachers. Proctor W. W. Anderson, late Principal of Hopkins Academy, is connected with the school. There are Classical, Literary and Scientific Courses.

Instruction is thorough. The Chemical and Physical Laboratories are larger and better equipped than those in any other similar school on the Coast. Graduates admitted to the State University without examination, on recommendation. The Academy has large Athletic Grounds, Tennis Courts, Swimming Bath, and a large Gymnasium with two trained instructors. Rooms are sunny, table, excellent; climate, perfect. One hour from San Francisco. Next term begins August 15th.

ARTHUR CROSBY, A.M.,
HEAD MASTER.

1225 Pine St., San Francisco

Under the Ownership and Direction of

DR. S. H. WILLEY,

Aided by a corps of twelve teachers. Numbers limited; home care; instruction the choicest; made a specialty. Next term begins August 2, 1893. Send for circulars.

Book keeping, Shorthand, Type Writing, Penmanship, Telegraphy, English Branches, etc.

DAY AND EVENING SESSIONS.

T. A. ROBINSON, President

OAKLAND SEMINARY

FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Next term commences MONDAY,

JULY 31, 1893. This school prepares

students for the Universities and Colleges at home and abroad. For

further particulars apply to MRS. M.

K. BLAKE, Principal, 528 Eleventh

street, corner Clay, Oakland, Cal.

IRVING INSTITUTE

A Select School for Young Ladies.

Next Session Begins Aug. 7, 1893

Seventeenth year; 14 professors and teachers.

For catalogue or information address the

Principal, Rev. EDWARD B. CHUBB, A.M.,

1036 Valencia street, San Francisco, Cal.

BROOKLYN HOTEL

Adjoining First National Bank, S. F.

BUSH ST., bet Montgomery & Sansome

Conducted on both the European and American plans.

This favorite Hotel is under the experienced management

of Charles Montgomery, and is as good, if not the

best, Family and Business Men's Hotel in San Francisco.

Home comforts. Cuisine unexcelled. First-class service

and the highest standard of respectability guaranteed.

Our rooms cannot be surpassed for neatness and

comfort. Board and room, per day, \$1.25 to \$2; board

and room, per week, \$7 to \$12; board and room, per

month, \$20 to \$30. Single rooms, 50c to \$1. Special

rates by the month. Special rates to excursion and other

large parties. Free coach to and from the hotel.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

CARPETS, FURNITURE, UPHOLSTERY.

Everything in these lines with which to furnish a home completely.

Special Prices to Churches and Sunday Schools.

641 to 647 Market Street.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Is the largest user of Typewriters in the world. Upwards of 4,000 Remingtons are employed in the several Departments at Washington, and the Remington Company is constantly receiving requisitions from the Government for additional machines.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

Has concluded a contract by which the Remington Standard Typewriter is to be furnished exclusively for public use during the Exposition. The writing-rooms are to be furnished with Remingtons, in charge of expert operators, for the use of the public.

THE REMINGTON FACTORY

At Ilion, N. Y., turns out a new Remington Typewriter every five minutes; or more machines every day than the combined product of all other manufacturers of high-priced writing machines.

The Remington is not only unsurpassed, but unapproached, for excellence of design, quality of work, simplicity and durability.

G. G. WICKSON & CO.,

SAN FRANCISCO: 3 and 5 Front Street. LOS ANGELES: 221 S. Broadway.

PORTLAND: 141 Front Street.

DR. PRICE'S
Cream Baking
Powder.

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum.

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

Southern California.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS: All subscriptions from Southern California will be received by the Southern California Association, for information address, C. G. Baldwin, Claremont, Cal. The Los Angeles Association has passed a resolution to the effect that "one copy should be in every congregational family."

THIS page of THE PACIFIC has been devoted by the publishers to Southern California interests, and is edited by Rev. H. P. CASE, Rev. J. T. FORD, and President C. G. BALDWIN. The Southern office is located at Claremont, Los Angeles county, Cal. Address all matter to C. G. Baldwin.

GENERAL NOTES.

A note of criticism of the General Association has come in. The point is well taken and important, and perhaps it is none too sharp if it is to hold our attention. We must not "ministerialize" our General Association or our churches. On the contrary, it must be said that the spirit of the meeting was far from officialism. The boom was exceedingly bad, for from the program it is painfully apparent that every name introduced by the title "Rev." We may hope that the point is made sharp enough to stick and stay in the minds of us all, so that no committee will overlook it again. Read "Where Were the Lay Members?"

We are glad to receive The Whittier as an exchange. The task of changing the environment of so many youth would discourage the average man or woman. Beneath the work at Whittier there is evident a boundless enthusiasm and faith in the dormant faculties. The results of their work indicate that such faith is well-grounded. We assure them of our most hearty sympathy, and assure the young people there that they have hosts of friends and hearty well-wishers beyond the bounds of the school.

CHURCH NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The church in Nordhoff reports that during the past year its average congregations have doubled. They are now from 90 to 100. The average at prayer-meeting is 30. The Sunday-school averages over 70. The membership of the church has increased from 45 to 59; additions 17; removals 3; net gain 14. Of the 17 received, 16 were on confession of faith.

Rev. Dr. Cochran, the new pastor at Santa Monica, writes: "The Congregational church in Santa Monica is small and weak, but united and hopeful. I see no reason why we should not have steady growth as the days go by. We shall aim to have it so, through the help of the chief Shepherd, whose presence and blessing never fail while we labor in his name."

We had at Association about the usual number of ministers and delegates. But many, especially of our missionary pastors, were absent. Ten, at least, of these sent letters regretting that they were not able to come, and sending greetings and hearty good cheer. All but one of these enclosed the dues of their churches to the Association. We wonder if any of these missionaries paid the dues out of their own pockets. We wonder if any one sacrificed the privilege of coming in order to do this.

Out of thirteen living churches in San Diego county, only two were represented at Association by delegates. Only two ministerial members were present from that county. Would not church fellowship be promoted by the formation of a San Diego District Association? If their District Association meetings were nearer home, would they not be better able and more inclined to attend the meetings of General Association?

Rev. Dr. Kincaid, on his return eastward from the meeting of our Association, carried over Sabbath at Needles. He formed a very favorable opinion of the Rev. and Mrs. Overton and their work. He says: "They are doing good here. It is, indeed, a forbidding field, but they seem to enjoy it. They have a true missionary spirit."

Notice should be taken of the fact that the church and people of Pomona came in large numbers to the meeting of our Association, so that the spacious audience-room was filled at almost every session. Other churches may have furnished as sumptuous entertainment, but to the church at Pomona belongs the praise of giving the Association the honor, and encouragement, and inspiration of their presence. If in that meeting Jesus came to their house, and spoke in the words that were uttered there, that church fulfilled not only the part of Martha in providing entertainment, but the part of Mary in sitting at his feet to learn of him, and should have without mixture of reproach the commendation that belonged to both these sisters.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL NOTES.

Pico Heights Sunday-school is prospering under the efficient care of Mrs. Stone. It makes much of the quarterly temperance lesson, and has a Loyal Temperance Legion Band in the school.

Our school at San Jacinto, Miss S. M. Mead Superintendent, is going to try quarterly lesson written examinations. A union teachers' meeting in that place is a decided help in Sunday-school work.

Mr. Hixson is the new Superintendent at Olivet Sunday-school. They will return to Pilgrim Lesson Helps for 1894. A teachers' meeting is being held at the school, and growth is confidently expected. Superintendent Case has been in

the hands of la grippe for the past three weeks, but is getting able to take up work again.

East Los Angeles school feels the loss of its late Superintendent, Mr. Lester Moore, who goes to Whittier to fill an office there in the State school.

The third annual meeting of the Southern California State Sunday-school Association met at Pasadena November 14th and 15th. About 300 delegates were present. The sessions were full of interest. Several practical papers were read. Rev. J. Q. Adams, President of the Boys' Brigade, gave an address on that movement, and a company of boys exemplified the drill and military features of that work.

Mr. H. K. W. Bent of the North Congregational Sunday-school, Pasadena, gave an interesting talk on "The Teachers' Outside Work with the Scholars," and Rev. C. H. Davis of Villa Park spoke on "Planting in Season." Interesting normal Bible studies were given by Dr. Moody and Rev. Rider of Los Angeles. The primary work of the Sunday-school was ably treated in several papers by practical workers in this line. Temperance work in the Sunday-school was presented by Mrs. E. A. D. Blair, a national chafist of the W. C. T. U. The next convention was invited to be held in Ventura. Dr. H. W. Brodbeck of Los Angeles was re-elected President.

Three distinct courses of study are offered to our schools for 1894 by the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society: (1) The International Lessons. (2) The Study of the Life of Christ. (3) Study of the History of Israel. The second and third courses are prepared on the inductive plan, and published in four grades suited to different ages. They can be had in "Quarterly" or book form at 30 cents per year. The International Lessons will be published as usual in Quarterlies, Lesson-leaves and Pilgrim Teacher. Schools should decide at once which line of studies to follow, and order before the holiday crush. If your school really needs missionary help, send your order to Superintendent Case for Southern California early, not later than December 10th.

Missionary Barber reports the Sunday-school work down the Mojave river as prosperous. November 12th he visited both schools at Daggett and Barstow. These schools are greatly aided by faithful Christian public school teachers. Special interest in Bible study is growing at Oro Grande, where Mr. J. T. Auchavie leads the school. At Victor the Superintendent reports "a great lack of interest among the people here in any work of this sort." But her perseverance will be rewarded. She says, "We shall keep on with the school so long as even one attends." May the numbers never be reduced to that limit! May faith win the victory! It has the promise of God to rely on.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Professor A. J. Cook starts for California December 5th; will spend a month on the route, arriving here in time to take up the winter's work.

Professor E. C. Norton is out for a few days at work upon the financial problem of the college, assisting Professor C. B. Sumner, who is at present giving all his time to the financial work. He expected to have had opportunity to state plainly to the General Association just what he is undertaking to do, and how each church could help him; but through a misunderstanding the presiding officer of the evening expected him to speak without being formally called upon, while he was waiting for the call. It was like switching a car up to Minneapolis when it was billed for Texas. Each of the people on board enjoyed the ride as well, but it was a disappointment to the business.

President Baldwin is giving attention to raising \$30,000 to build the street railroad between Pomona and Claremont. The college will be greatly benefited, directly and indirectly, by the building of the road. Many more students would come from Pomona. The friends of the college could attend its exercises, and add much to its life. The property of the college in the town site will be greatly enhanced in value, and this is of importance, as the college owns some two hundred lots which can be sold. The work is to be done now because a capitalist is ready to build the road, and guarantee with suitable bond its continual operation for ten years, making at least ten round trips per day, and to sprinkle the streets over which the road runs—all to be done by electric power, and the condition being that property owners shall pay a certain amount per mile toward the building of the road.

The roll of students this term has passed the point of one hundred and thirty; a few have been called home by sickness there, or by their own ill health, so that the number on the ground is not more than

one hundred and twenty-five. The graduating class promises to number ten. The quality of the student body seems better than in any previous year.

REPORT OF HOME MISSION SUPERINTENDENT.

This report, because of the change in the time of our annual meeting, is made for a period of eighteen months. It has been a period of many changes in the pastoral service of our mission fields. The demon of unrest seems to have taken possession of our ministers and churches, so that 26 out of 38 churches have changed pastors—four of them more than once. Along this line lie the chief perplexities and burdens of the oversight of our mission work.

Sometimes effort must be made to avert a change, for a pastor should continue right on, unless there is good reason to the contrary. Sometimes there must be undertaken the more delicate but not less needed work of helping forward a change; for an unworthy, indiscreet, ill-reputed, or ill-adapted pastor may work swift ruin to a newly organized church.

When a minister must be recommended or secured, sometimes the minister desires to visit several churches before making his choice, and the churches plan to hear each several ministers before giving a call. The result is inextricable confusion. If this method becomes universal, we enter upon an era of shepherdless, scattered, and perishing churches. Some one must diligently guard against this tendency. But it is not easy to do it without seeming to interfere either with the self-government of the churches, or with individual liberty.

The question, Shall a vacant pastorate be filled by some Congregational minister who is here waiting for work, or shall a man be imported from some other denomination, or from the East? is sometimes no less perplexing. We lay it down as a rule that unemployed ministers of our own denomination here on the ground should have the preference, and that we should not import others, till every suitable effort has been made to bring these ministers and the vacant churches together. But it often happens that a church has, for reasons of its own, already decided unfavorably to these, and the current of their thoughts cannot easily be changed. They have heard that hundreds of ministers in the East are waiting to come to Southern California. Why not invite one of the best of them? But how find the best? We burden the mails with inquiries. They bring back many answers from and concerning men anxious to come. We select our man—waste precious weeks in negotiation with him—and he decides at last that duty calls him to remain where he is; or, if he comes, we find perhaps, that his flaming recommendations prove by their omissions, if not by their declarations, to be flaming falsehoods. Or, it may be he comes too late, for while he has hesitated, another has come uncalled, and captivated the hearts of the people—and the door is shut. But whatever the result of the quest, the minister whose home is here is left without employment, and feels, doubtless justly, that he has been wronged by neglect, and either the Home Missionary Committee or the Superintendent must needs bear the blame.

If this tendency to seek new men, coupled with the prevailing drift of ministers to Southern California, be not sternly discouraged, the time is not far distant when it will be sadly true that Southern California will be noted as the place whither useful ministers come to be laid upon the shelf. I pray to be delivered from a share in bringing to pass such a consummation.

The period for which we report has also been one of moderate enlargement of our work, connected with a severe retrenchment in our mission expenses.

Six new churches have been formed—Bloomington, Etiwanda, and Hesperia, in San Bernardino county; Flinn Valley, with several outlying stations, in San Diego county; Poso in Kern county, and Bethlehem in the city of Los Angeles. The three first named are so yoked with others as to call for no additional appropriation for their support. The missionary at Flinn Valley was set free for this work, with no additional cost, by the yoking of his former church with another. Bethlehem church receives no more than was previously granted it as a mission, without church organization. Poso alone has called for an additional outlay, and that only \$300.

The enlargement of our work during the previous year was made in the belief that it would be provided for by larger contributions, and through a voluntary release of money by churches reaching or nearing self-support. But our income has not increased to the measure of our expectation. The benevolent contributions of the churches have been

greater, but they have been divided among a wider range of objects. In some parts of our district the ability to contribute seems to be less than heretofore. The people have waited since the first dark days that followed the boom, looking with heroic patience and hope for the return of light. But for six years the darkness has grown darker, and there are no clear signs of coming day. Our churches in such places feel that they cannot increase their contributions. They must themselves have more help, or be abandoned, or, perchance, be yoked with others.

Five churches have, indeed, come nominally to self-support, releasing for other use \$1,200. But three other churches, heretofore self-supporting, have come back upon the society for aid to nearly the same amount; and this aid is, doubtless, necessary to their growth, if not to the continuance of their life. Of the five churches attaining self-support, three, Pasadena North, San Jacinto, and Santa Ana, have done it because their ministers are ready to accept half pay rather than further burden our mission work. The remaining two, Sierra Madre and Monrovia, have become self-supporting by uniting their forces, being yoked under one past.

Four churches—Park of Los Angeles, Mentone, San Diego, and South Riverside have, through most diligent and praiseworthy effort, been enabled to ask less aid, releasing for other work six hundred dollars; but as many other churches have asked increased aid, and our committee has been constrained by the reasons urged to recommend that it be granted, at least in part.

The process of retrenchment by reducing grants has been a most painful one, especially because it is to be feared that the reduction of a grant meant in most cases the reduction of the already meager salaries of our missionaries.

We are driven to the conclusion that, however loud the call, no more home mission money must be expended for new work until we have warrant for it by increased collections, or by release of money now granted, or by an increased apportionment from our Home Missionary Society. To walk by faith while the churches walk by light is not divine wisdom, but supreme folly. And yet, in many parts of our district, the harvest is perishing for want of laborers.

Again, the period for which we report has been one of progress and prosperity in the churches aided. Six of them, houseless before, have built new churches—three in San Bernardino county, Mentone, Rialto, and Needles; two in Kern county, Bakersfield and Rosedale; and Bethlehem in the city of Los Angeles. The latter is provided not only with an audience-room, but with a reading-room, industrial rooms, school-room, and coffee-room, as counter attractions to the many saloons in that neighborhood. The cost of the lot and house was not far from \$10,000, secured by the energy and consecrated grit of the pastor, yet freely given by persons outside his congregation. It is worthy to be noted, as indicating the reality of Christian fellowship, that most generous collections for this enterprise were taken in churches of other denominations. The church at Needles, though occupied, is still unfinished within—its walls and timbers bare and rough, because the tenure by which lots are held in that town is not such as to satisfy the rules according to which our Church Building Society grants its aid.

Ought not special contributions from the churches in such case to supplement the work done by that people, and give them a finished and attractive house?

Three aided churches have new parsonages—Mentone, Bloomington, and Bethlehem, and three have greatly improved their houses of worship, San Diego Second, Plymouth, and Third church, Los Angeles. The membership also of the churches has greatly increased.

According to our statistics for the calendar year 1892, 543 members were added to our 40 aided churches—an average of about 13½ per church; 218 of these on confession of faith—an average of about 5½ per church, or about one to every eight members on the roll. We thank God for this measure of growth. It compares well with the growth of churches in other parts of our country. But, brethren, ought the labor of eight members for a twelvemonth to result in only one conversion?

Since it is more blessed to give than to receive, the measure of our giving must be one of the tests of our prosperity.

During the home missionary year, ending April 1, 1893, our Southern California churches were blessed in giving for home missions, \$4,335.95; about \$1.25 per resident member. Thirteen of our churches attained the standard rate of two dollars per resident member. These were Compton, Hyde Park, West End, Mentone, Needles, Ontario, Pasadena First, Peris, Pomona, San Jacinto, San Miguel,

Santa Barbara and Villa Park. South Riverside lacked only \$5.09, and Spring Valley only \$3.08 of reaching this standard. They may have made more meritorious effort than some of the first thirteen. If all the reports of the W. H. M. U. were completely itemized, it might appear that these did reach the standard. Shall they not be counted in this honorary grade, making the number fifteen?

Our receipts for this year were greater than for the last year by \$318.81. But they were less than for the next preceding year by \$161.32. High water mark was reached that year—no progress since. But the membership of our churches has increased largely during these years. The rate per member of our home mission contributions has been gradually diminishing since our first year as a separate home missionary district. For the year ending April 1, 1888, we contributed, \$1.66 per member; for '89, \$1.55 per member; for '90, \$1.33 per member; for '91, \$1.55 per member; for '92, \$1.21 per member; for '93, \$1.25 per member.

This brings us to consideration affecting our future work. Shall this decline in our home mission contributions continue? Must our home mission work divide its income more and more with other departments of labor? Must our moral wastes continue, on this account, to be neglected? Our college is on our hands, indeed, and must be sustained. But our home mission work must be sustained none the less, for it is the foundation on which our college work rests. Only as Congregational churches are planted and nourished can we expect our college to grow. Our home mission work must be pushed forward by larger contributions and renewed enthusiasm, or the enlarged constituency and wider influence which the college seeks will be wanting. There is laid upon us, also, the duty of preaching the gospel throughout the whole world. But all the more must America itself be evangelized, if it is to evangelize heathendom. The foreign missionary is born of home evangelization. More thorough home evangelization, more foreign missionaries. More thorough home evangelization, fewer missionaries of Satan to counteract the influence of the missionaries of Christ. It may be questioned whether the sailors we send out, and the rum they carry, do not do more to degrade the heathen than the gospel missionary does to elevate them. Our daily papers, which are supposed to reflect the condition and public sentiment of our country, go abroad to heathen lands. They are read there more and more. It is to be feared that they do sorry work in evangelizing the heathen world. Our home evangelizing agencies must be greatly multiplied and filled with the power of the Holy Spirit to regenerate public sentiment, and so regenerate the newspaper, or our own country will become too corrupt to send forth blessings to foreign lands. The fountains of our influence must be cleansed, or they will send forth more bitter waters than sweet.

Besides, God is sending to us here in California representatives from every quarter of the world, from every nationality in Europe; Spanish Americans from every government in Central and South America; thousands from Asia—Armenians, Syrians and men from China and Japan; the sons of Africa, and many also from the islands of the sea. In no part of our country except, perhaps, in the cities of New York and Chicago are the nations of the world so represented as in our own California. This is supposed by them to be a Christian State, and its public sentiment a Christian sentiment. Their impressions of Christianity are determined by what they find here, and these impressions go back to the lands from whence they come. If they find here developments of vice and crime that would shame heathenism, if they themselves suffer the smart of injustice or neglect, what wonder if Jesus Christ should be regarded by them as the patron of depravity and wrong? But has not God sent them here to be saved and to become missionaries of salvation to their own far-away people?

Pentecost is repeated here in the gathering together of men from every nation under heaven. And does not God mean that Pentecost should be repeated here by the preaching of the gospel in all their tongues, with power unto salvation? Is not our foreign mission work brought to our very doors? We are confronted with the spectacle of the nations sent to California to learn of Christ, while California still needs salvation before it can teach them. If some make the effort, the influence of the life of the State as a whole works mightily against them. Shall our home mission work be stunted? Enlarge it rather—multiply its agencies—consecrate to it all we have and all we are, not only for the sake of our State, but for the sake of the whole world for which Christ died. Not that we should do less for for-

sign missions, or less for our college, but that we should do more for home missions, for the very sake of our college and of our foreign mission work. What, then, shall we do for this work during the current year? We have spoken of contributions at the rate of \$2 per member. But, in view of such considerations as these, we seem to be trifling when we set before the churches no higher standard than this.

Yet, when we turn to our Home Missionary journal we find our churches reported as contributing for the first six months of this year—from April to September—only \$221.45, but little more than 5 cents per member for one-half the year. We need \$1.25 per member, twenty-five times the amount thus far contributed, to sustain on short rations the missionaries already in the field. For a church to contribute less is to vote a retreat. For a church to average \$2 per member is to vote an advance. Shall we lower the standard because of commercial depression? In God's economy, prosperity, temporal as well as spiritual, depends upon giving. Hard times are his call to a wider opening of heart, and hand, and pocket for his work. If the money of our churches were all consecrated money, it would be an easy, joyous thing for each to do his part as God hath prospered him. Our deep poverty would abound into the riches of our liberality. But whatever others may do, let those whom God has blessed with larger means, or with the willing mind, give more abundantly to make up what is lacking from those who have not the means or the heart to give. The resolve made by many in consecrated spirit—"In these times I will give more because others must give less"—is the key to the solution of the hard problem that now perplexes the directors of our mission work.

Whatever the standard or the resolve, now is the time to work. Less than five months of one year remain. Our Secretaries at New York have appointed a home missionary rally day for the children—the Sunday before Thanksgiving Day. The home missionary army idea, the enrollment card, the tent mite box are suited to attract attention. The rally exercise will interest and instruct those who join in it and those who hear. Let pastor and superintendent help on this plan, and the children will not be wanting. If our church Sunday-schools contribute at the rate of ten cents per member, the income will be more than \$500. And what hinders them from contributing at this rate, especially if parents become children for the time and help to fill the mite boxes? The house will be filled at the rally exercise. The collection taken then will enlarge the amount. Our pastors, by a kindly and judicious promoting of this movement, may bring in \$1,000 this month to our treasury. This sent forward at once will help to save our missionaries the impending hardship of delayed remittances.

This should be only introductory to the regular church collection, which should be taken—when? On the very last Sabbath of the year? No; at the latest before the first of March, so that there may be time enough to collect from all who will give, and to forward the amount before the year closes. If the pastor plan the campaign, if he fail not of a home mission sermon replete with information and incitement, if a method of collection be adopted that reaches every one who may be expected to give, if the work be undertaken with the definite purpose that the church shall give its full share of the amount required, we shall have no deficiency this year to lay to the already overburdened charge of the financial panic.

Consecration is, indeed, the most important factor in free and abundant giving, but information and specific opportunity and systematic collection must needs be added to determine and widen the channels in which consecrated benevolence shall flow.

The Socialist Labor party, lately held a mass-meeting in St. Louis for the purpose of nominating a full Board of School Directors. The platform, as adopted, made the following demands: "Compulsory education for all children from the sixth to the fifteenth year of age; free text books and all other school supplies; introduction of gymnastics; the teaching of one or more foreign languages; free meals and clothing for poor children; that no class of pupils exceed 36; that the School Board receive compensation for services rendered; that no real estate belonging to the public schools shall be sold; that school children ride on the street-cars free of charge, and that all public improvements be made under the eight-hour system and at union wages."

Miss Emma Marwedel, well known in kindergarten circles, died at the German hospital in this city last Friday, being seventy-five years old.